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Co-existence with China

A FEW weeks ago when Mao Tse-tung received visiting delegations from Japan, Cuba, Brazil and Argentina, he assured them that the worst fear of the US imperialists was the awakening of the people of Asia, Africa and Latin America. This image of a common enemy, besetting the Chinese equally with the rest of Asia and the other countries of the under-developed world, is now the theme of Peking's press and radio. It is the basis, for instance, of China's campaign against the Japanese government's attempts to rush through the security treaty with the US. The measure of its propaganda success is illustrated by the route prescribed for President Eisenhower on his Asian tour; to Manila, where the Filipinos have little alternative but to turn out and welcome him; to Formosa, even more an American satellite; and finally to Japan, where his visit has been reduced to a formality and Kishi, his staunchest ally, is unlikely to survive the present campaign. How widely China is spreading this anti-imperialist appeal is shown by her readiness to offer military aid to the Algerian rebels and economic aid to Cuba.

Lord Montgomery is properly impressed by China's rapid development. But if his political knowledge equalled his military experience, he would not be expressing naïve surprise at the Chinese hatred of America. Communist China, excluded from the UN and openly treated as an enemy by America ever since its revolutionary birth, is inevitably hostile. But significantly this hostility is now formulated by the entire Chinese press in the most doctrinaire Leninist language. One widely discussed article by Yu Chao-li recently quoted Mao Tse-tung's reply to the question: Should we be afraid if the war maniacs, against the peoples' will, unlease a war? The reply was:

> Our attitude on this is the same as our attitude towards all disturbances: (1) we are against it; (2) we are not afraid of it. The First World War was followed by the birth of the Soviet Union with a population of 200 million. The Second World War was followed by the emergence of the Socialist camp with a combined population of 900 million. If the imperialists should insist on launching a third world war, it is certain that several hundred million more will turn to Socialism.

This crude and dangerous Leninism is in marked contrast to Krushchev's demand for co-existence. His efforts to reduce world tension and to find an ideological justification for peaceful co-existence, have been consistently criticised in the Chinese press. It is true that Soviet policy itself is for the moment ambivalent; but there is no reason to think that co-existence has been abandoned by the Kremlin. It is the Chinese, as reports in *Pravda* and other Soviet papers make clear, who are now rocking the co-existence boat.

President Eisenhower's visit to the Far East may well put all these suppositions to the test. Never was there an occasion of more temptation to the Chinese to undertake some overt demonstration of hostility to the US than the next few days. In the long run, however, policy will not be determined by isolated incidents on either side. The Chinese xenophobic attitude of today closely resembles the Russian attitude of Stalin's era. Soviet policy has grown out of this largely because the Soviet economy has developed a strength in which Russia can no longer be denied her status as a great power and the Russian people can no longer be denied a far greater share in the fruits of their labour.

The same trend may be expected in Chinese development, if outside pressures do not frustrate it. The greatest folly in the world would be for the West, which has blindly refused to recognise the facts of Chinese internal progress to respond to provocation from Peking by intensifying the very policies of boycott and threat which will prevent the Chinese revolution from enjoying, in due course, the fruits of its success. Hope for all of us depends on the Chinese beginning, like the Russians, to believe that peace and progress can be won through peaceful competition.

Comments on the Week's News

Geneva

The Politeness of Mr Eaton

Hugh Thomas comments: The most remarkable aspect of the resumed disarmament conference at Geneva has been the new politeness of the US representative, Frederick Eaton. His previous air of an impatient executive has vanished. Has the US administration at last realised that international relations must be intelligently and creatively planned? Mr Dulles used to say in effect: 'Take it or leave it. This is the policy of the US.' If this attitude is really vanishing, the humiliations of Paris, Tokyo and Ankara will have been worthwhile.

Then there is the new Russian plan. Mr Krushchev told his press conference on 3 June that this was to have been presented to the Summit conference. But it is inconceivable that so long and complicated a proposal could have been worked out, and cleared among the various departments of the Russian state, between the recess of the disarmament conference on 29 April and the Summit on 16 May. China had to look at the plan first too. Thus this remarkable document has probably been worked on for months. The clearer it became, during the early spring, that there was no hope of progress at the Summit on Berlin or Germany, the more resolved the Russians seem to have become that they would keep their big new disarmament approach for the big occasion. Thus, when the disarmament conference began in March, the Russian representative, Mr Zorin, was presumably instructed to stage a holding operation. Instead of tabling any version of the Soviet disarmament policy, he was to be as non-committal as possible. If things became difficult, he was to put forward a statement of aims couched in the vaguest terms. This instruction must have produced the feeble Russian document of 8 April.

The new plan of 3 June is written with the same refreshing lucidity as the famous proposal of May 1955. Its concessions include points (e.g. the strict four-year time limit for the carrying out of the whole disarmament process, and the need for an international police force after disarmament) where Zorin was specially critical of the West two months ago. If, as is probable, those concessions were already envisaged in March, the Soviet debating technique exactly reflects events in 1955. The Russians indeed usually believe that the best way to highlight a concession is to appear at first to resist it violently.

The new Soviet plan shows that 'western sources' were quite wrong in forecasting that, probably at the Summit, the Russians would agree to their own approach of limited or 'partial' disarmament. It is, however, becoming evident that the Soviet Union will accept any amount of juggling with the different phases of the disarmament programme. Any criticism therefore that they are now putting conventional or nuclear disarmament in the wrong order is misplaced. The real point remains that the present balance of forces inside Russia will probably accept inspection and control *provided* it is accompanied by radical disarmament. The West, hunted and uncertain of their aims, are still prepared to envisage limited disarmament, and indeed only limited control, for the time being. This may be a mistake. They should accept the Russian document as a basis for discussion. If they do not make some concessions the odds are that Krushchev's general interpretation of co-existence (still amazingly surviving) will be defeated by his own rivals in the CP secretariat in Moscow and by China. Already there are signs of a breach between China and the USSR over disarmament policy. The West must come to realise that only weak countries (such as Austria in 1914) refuse to make concessions at whatever cost. A great nation such as the US has no need, and indeed no right, to regard every sub-paragraph in a disarmament plan as an off-shore island to be clung on to, though the heavens fall. One can only hope therefore that Mr Eaton's new politeness is neither too late nor simply a mask.

Africa

How Not to End an Emergency

Our Commonwealth Correspondent comments: The termination of the 15-month-old emergency in Nyasaland was long overdue. The prophets of woe who forecast violent revolution if Dr Hastings Banda were released have been confounded. Dr Banda himself, since his release, has in fact been the greatest single factor in preserving the peace. Yet, although the continuation of the emergency had become unjustifiable, the manner of its ending is disquieting. Not only has the government taken the opportunity of the emergency to assume drastic powers for intimidating opposition *without* declaring an emergency; but certain African leaders are still to be kept in detention without charge or trial. This significance of this latter point goes further than the obvious question of justice. It has gravely endangered the position of Dr Banda and his colleagues. So long as some leaders are in jail, they will be considered as martyrs. Whatever their individual merits, they will be regarded on their release as the braver personalities, more militant towards the government. Unless the Africans are allowed a free choice of leaders immediately, the forces of moderation will be weakened and those of intransigence – and possibly of anti-white racialism – will be encouraged. If the constitutional conference, which opens in London on 19 July, is to have any hope of lasting success, the prisons must be emptied now.

A Glimpse of Common Sense

Our Commonwealth Correspondent comments: Perhaps only just in time to avert another severe crisis in Kenya, some degree of common sense has been introduced by both the government and African political leaders. The government has conceded the registration of the new Kenya African National Union, and a party of ministers, which will include Africans, is to be allowed to visit Jomo Kenyatta in his restricted domicile. On the other side, the leaders of KANU have withdrawn their insistence that Kenyatta should be their first president and that trade unions should be affiliated to their organisation. If these concessions had not been made, Kenya would certainly have been plunged into a bitter battle between the African political leaders and the government. Such a conflict would have been an unnecessary tragedy, for the Lancaster House conference at the beginning of the year has paved the way for a reasonably smooth transition to self-government. Behind the government's conciliatory steps may be seen the hand of Sir Patrick Renison, the Governor, who was so successful in similar situations with Dr Jagan in British Guiana.

The new spirit of compromise amongst African politicians should be largely attributed to the new tribal factor in African politics. A week or two ago, both the Masai and the five tribes speaking the Kalenjin language, revolted against the domination of African political life by the leaders of KANU, largely drawn from the Kikuyu and Luo tribes. A move has now been made by the Kalenjin Political Alliance, representing one million members of the tribes, to link up with the Masai United Front. Meanwhile, a separate organisation is being set up in Mombasa to coordinate the political activities of Africans on the coast. These moves are a reminder that tribal loyalty in East Africa is by no means submerged. (The same view has been apparent recently in the affairs of Uganda, where the traditionalists, led by the Kabaka, have refused to attend the constitutional conference to be held in London next month with members of the Legislative Council.) It is apparent that in Kenya the political initiative suddenly shown by the tribal elders has forced the modern African politicians to realise that they are facing competition and criticism from these tribal associations and that consequently they will be judged by the whole African population on the results of their policies and not on the applause of the Nairobi mob.

Algiers

The Trial of Alleg

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Last Monday saw the opening in Algiers of the most curious trial in the history of the French law. Ten people are accused; and two of them enjoy world-wide notoriety. The first, a young professor of mathematics, Maurice Audin, acquired his posthumously: he died under interrogation by the paratroops. The second, Henri Alleg, is still alive, thanks to his unbelievable resistance to torture. His book *La Question*, in which he describes his experience, has been translated into many languages and read all over the world. At the last moment the court decided that to try a dead man would be an unedifying procedure and it was decided to separate Audin's case from the others. Moreover, the court decided without warning to hear evidence in secret, which prevents Alleg from testifying publicly to what he went through while in detention.

But it is not only the procedure of this trial which is unique. Alleg and his fellow accused are charged with having cast a slur on the good name of the army and the police, with having tried to re-form a banned organisation and with having given aid to 'criminals' – in other words to the FLN. This charge-sheet highlights a notable paradox: no one can deny that the accused were tortured or that torture is contrary both to French law and public decency. How, one may reasonably ask, in these circumstances can Alleg be said to have damaged the good name of the Army and the police? 'The army and the police', writes the editor of the Paris newspaper *Libération*, 'will protect their repu-

tation only when they themselves put into the dock those of their own company who dishonour them by practising torture'. This logical exposure of the paradox reinforces world opinion in the belief that the authority and prestige of France have suffered not from the acts of Alleg but from those who interrogated him. Whatever aid, real or imaginary, Alleg afforded to the FLN, he has done far less for the cause of Algerian nationalism than those who tortured him.

Moreover the application of good sense to this paradoxical situation does not stop there. When Alleg was under interrogation and Audin 'disappeared', General de Gaulle was not yet in power. One of his most intimate associates, André Malraux, at that time signed an appeal to President Coty, along with Sartre, Mauriac, Camus and Martin du Gard, demanding the conviction of the torturers. It is well known that General de Gaulle himself was shocked by the news from Algeria and that he ostentatiously received General Paris de Bollardière, who resigned his command because he could not in conscience carry out his orders. Today de Gaulle is President and Malraux is his white-headed boy. Logic would suggest that, if they were shocked by the Alleg case at that time, they might now seize the chance to redress the wrong done by their predecessors.

New York

Why Rockefeller Weighed In

Robert Bendiner writes: Republican chieftains may be outraged at Governor Rockefeller's assault on the Eisenhower Administration, but they can at least be grateful that he has relieved the boredom of their party's politics. With the Democrats' traditional flare for colourfully hacking away at each other before choosing a candidate, the press had been giving their pre-convention doings the lion's share of space, while Mr Nixon, certain to be nominated in a cut-and-dried ceremony, was in danger of becoming the forgotten man. Nobody imagines that the Governor had this service in mind, however, when he suddenly opened fire on Administration policies and chided Nixon for withholding his own plans and programme until his nomination should be official. What the Governor did have in mind is matter of continued speculation, with a considerable spread of opinion.

In some quarters, mostly naive, I think, there are refreshed memories of Wendell Wilkie: visions, admittedly faint, of a convention swept off its feet by a candid charmer come to do battle with the hardened professionals. But the differences in the two situations are too great to admit the belief that Rockefeller himself still entertained such notions at the time he loosed his attack. Willkie's miracle campaign started in earnest four months before the convention of 1940, not five weeks. It was national in scope, with tens of thousands of petitions, letters, and speaking invitations pouring in from all over the country, and earnest bands of zealots working around the clock. Most important, Willkie's opponents were, like himself, members of the 'out' party, not the nation's top officials, surrounded by the trappings of power and in full control of their party's political apparatus.

Did Rockefeller speak up out of public-spiritedness, the earnest desire of a citizen to have his party take a bold and affirmative stand in what he rightly called 'a difficult and testing time'? Perhaps – but if he felt himself so much at odds with his party's record in office and with the policies of its leading candidate, why did he withdraw from the presidential race six months ago instead of staying in at least for the educational value he might have brought to the campaign? It is hard, moreover, to find much in his own programme, as he has now formulated it, that strikes a fresh or imaginative note. Where it is concrete, the emphasis is on a bigger and better defence programme; otherwise it is a call for an expanded economy through conservative fiscal policies, an end to segregation without any specific proposal for achieving it, federal aid for school construction, and a better scheme for providing medical aid to the aged than the one the Administration has endorsed. Nothing about Germany or China. Nothing new about disarmament.

The chances are that when Nixon takes the stump in the fall, he will not differ much from Rockefeller's stand on issues, though he will hardly concede that the country is in a weaker position internationally than it was when 'the team' took over control. Nevertheless, thanks to the staccato style, the crusading rhetoric, and dramatic timing of the Rockefeller statement (it was written, ironically, by Emmet Hughes, once the Administration's most eminent ghost), the New York Governor will be remembered as the man who spoke out when his party was silent. If the party is defeated, he will be the logical man to pick up the pieces, the undisputed nominee of 1964.

From present indications, Rockefeller's own state of New York is fated to go to any Democrat rather than to Nixon. And while Republican leaders profess delight over the results of the California primary, in which Nixon ran well, the fact remains that the two Democratic contenders together outpolled the Vice-President easily. Without these two states in November Mr Nixon would have only an outside chance of winning, and it is by no means improbable that Rockefeller is taking advantage of the moment to dissociate himself in advance from a possible party disaster. Should he be forced on to the ticket as Nixon's running-mate, he might well wind up as a partner in defeat. To refuse the Vice-Presidential nomination under party pressure is almost unthinkable; to be denied it by an irate party leadership might, on the other hand, be the key to the future. The interpretation suggests an unusual degree of foxiness, perhaps, but it is being made – and those who know Rockefeller will no longer think of him as a blue-eyed innocent in the world of politics.

NEXT WEEK

HOMOSEXUALITY

On 29 June Mr Kenneth Robinson will propose a motion in the House of Commons urging the government to adopt the Wolfenden Committee's recommendations on the law relating to homosexual practices. Next week's NEW STATESMAN *will contain a 4-page supplement surveying this whole problem. Contributors will be:*

SIR JOHN WOLFENDEN
KENNETH ROBINSON MP
C. H. ROLPH EDWARD HYAMS

'To imprison a homosexual,' writes Mr Robinson, 'is like confining an alcoholic in a brewery.'

Lebanon

Steadying the Balance

A Correspondent in Beirut reports: One of the few remaining democracies on the continent of Asia began to go to the polls last Sunday. Lebanon is holding its general elections on four successive Sundays to make possible a massive concentration of police and army in four quarters of the country. The last general election was held in June 1957 and the Chamber of Deputies which was dissolved last month had constitutionally one more year of life. But since a heavy majority of the deputies were at least nominally partisans of ex-President Chamoun the surprising thing is that it should have lasted as long as it did under President Shihab, who took office in September 1958. After an unsteady start, when he chose a government which failed to last a month because it did not conform to the Christian half of the population's interpretation of the slogan *'ni vainqueur ni vaincu'* with which the country's smouldering civil war was due to be settled, Shihab has shown himself to be a skilful politician as well as something of a statesman. (Even his enemies also admit his incorruptibility.) For two years he has governed with the aid of a government headed by one of the former rebel leaders, Rashid Karami, and balanced by Pierre Gemayel, leader of the predominantly Christian Kataeb party. The survival of this unlikely team has kept the country sufficiently united to recover both its ebullient prosperity and its delicate poise of neutrality between the Arab states and world blocs.

Since the Karami government was never overthrown by parliament, an election could be postponed until some of the bitterness generated by the events of 1958 had subsided. Lebanon's difficulty since the days of the French mandate has been that its balance is so delicate that nothing must be done to upset it – such as asking serious questions about its social and economic system. Some Lebanese, especially among the younger generation, do see that the old religious rivalries must be settled, or at least calmed, before there can be any social progress but as long as the majority of both Christians and Moslems continue to glare at each other across a deep but narrow gulf, they find it difficult to obtain a fair hearing. One of the most encouraging developments of the past two years has been the transformation of the Kataeb party, since it had a share in office, into a political party which, though still sectarian in outlook, is putting forward a number of progressive ideas on education, health, etc. If Lebanese democracy is to make progress it is essential that some of these younger elements be elected to the new parliament. Unfortunately, it is generally acknowledged that the chief reason why the number of deputies is to be increased from 66 to 99 is to ensure that those traditional political leaders who were ejected in the 1957 election and subsequently turned against Chamoun, will be able to get back into parliament. The election is likely to be the fairest in Lebanon's history, and Shihab is deliberately witholding his considerable powers to exert pressure on the electorate. But the tradition of voting for members of the establishment dies hard.

There is no question of the election resulting in a 'pro-Nasserite' or 'anti-Nasserite' landslide. There will be no radical change in Lebanon's foreign policy, which is largely

decided by the President anyway. Mr Karami, who will certainly be re-elected, may well be Prime Minister again. Probably the most important event during the election campaign has been the decision of ex-President Chamoun to stand as a candidate himself in the solidly Christian area of Mount Lebanon against Maurice Gemayel, the intellectual leader of the Kataeb party. This has caused a bitter division between Chamoun and his former allies. In some quarters this development has been welcomed on the ground that differences within the confessional groups will distract attention from rivalries between them.

The Lebanese are keenly aware of the key rôle their country has to play in the Middle East. Lebanon is too small and weak to run a dynamic and aggressive foreign policy, but it cannot be uninvolved like Switzerland. Increasingly it is a meeting-ground for both ideas and individuals which could not otherwise make contact. A series of important regional conference is being held in Beirut, including the Second Arab Oil Conference next October which will be attended by the Iraqis, who boycotted the last one because it was in Cairo. To play this role in such a rapidly developing area, Lebanon needs stability without stagnation. The piloting of such a rockable boat requires exceptional skill.

India

Congress Looks Inwards

Our Delhi Correspondent reports: The Congress Party is in urgent need of one of those fundamental readjustments which in the course of its 60-year-old life it has more than once put itself through. This realisation turned the All-India Congress Committee's recent conference at Poona into one dealing primarily with the party's organisation: subjects like the Third Five-Year Plan and Mr Nehru's report on international affairs were completely over-shadowed or not discussed. The unhealthy condition of the Congress can be measured to some extent by the internal bickering and wrangles that seem to be going on all the time in almost all the states. In the Punjab, for instance, a large 'dissident' group is ever-alert to take advantage of some crisis to trip up the Chief Minister, Pratap Singh Kairon. In Uttar Pradesh, C. B. Gupta leads a permanent opposition in the Congress itself to the Chief Minister, Dr Sampurnanand. Kerala's Congress is witnessing the emergence of clearly defined 'ministerial' groups that do not agree. A clash between the Andhra Chief Minister and one of his Cabinet colleagues recently came to surface. There is probably no state in India where the Congress is not torn by internal rivalry. This does not mean that the Congress has become unpopular with the mass of voters, who are in the main peasants. Not at all. The momentum of the freedom movement will keep it going for some years to come. It is doubtful if the peasant voter, or even the voter in the city, is bothered about whether the Congress possesses an ideology. He knows well enough from experience what it basically stands for.

Those who would like the Congress to adopt a well-defined ideology tend to think that the party's ill-health may be traced to the compromise forced on Congressmen by the contradiction between conservative resistance and radical impatience. But this diagnosis is thought by most observers to be merely verbal. The reason for the ill-health, they say, is simply that the party is torn by personal rivalries, by widespread individual manoeuvring for power. They are convinced that the remedy for this is a drastic structural change. Attempts at re-conditioning the Congress organisation have, of course, been continuous. Most of them have been ineffectual, and at the Delhi session of the A-ICC in 1959, a former Chief Minister of Mysore, Mr Hanumanthayya, suggested that a committee be set up to draft a new constitution for the party, so that among other things the continuous friction between its organisational and legislative wings in almost every state could be ended. He was supported by a large number of Congressmen, and Mr Nehru proposed that Mr Hanumanthayya prepare a draft in consultation with others. At the beginning of this year, Mr Hanumanthayya submitted his report at the Bangalore session of the Congress Party, and a committee was set up under Mr Dhebar's chairmanship to consider his suggestions. It decided against drastic re-organisation. In answer to the suggestion, for instance, that the Congress Party's Working Committee should be partly elected, instead of being wholly nominated as at present by the Congress president, the Dhebar report observed that 'the Working Committee today is the one stable and stabilising factor in the Congress organisation,' and that the Congress president 'should have a committee of his choice.' There was much criticism of this. Mr Nehru, it seems, first agreed with the Dhebar committee, but changed his mind to vote ultimately with the minority in favour of a partly elected executive.

The general reaction to the conclusions arrived at in Poona has not been particularly happy. The *Times of India* remarked that 'seldom has a ruling party given so sorry a demonstration of indecision and uncertainty among its leaders,' and the *Statesman* thought the proceedings 'pallid,' though 'after years of acquiescent meetings, animation showed itself for a while at Poona and criticism could not be sharply repressed'. The *Hindustan Times* found there was 'a great deal of outspoken criticism of the leadership, but when it came to voting the platform as always prevailed against the floor . . . The session began with a bang of dissent, almost of rebellion, but ended with a whimper of acquiescence.' Nevertheless, the session at Poona was memorable for a number of reasons. In contrast to previous occasions, the Working Committee did not frame a resolution to be automatically voted upon, but merely expressed its views on the Dhebar report. This opportunity for real discussion and criticism was eagerly used.

Another issue which is being discussed with some concern is what will happen after Nehru. It is not unlikely that some groups and individuals will break away, but that the hard core of the Congress Party will remain as hard as ever. Certain personalities in New Delhi, however, have followers whose loyalty runs all the way down to the village level. The general opinion at present seems to be that these leaders will, for a time after Nehru, submerge personal differences, because they are tried nationalists, and also because they might not think it worth their while to throw overboard just yet the prestige and status that accrue to them from association with the only Indian political party that has a tradition worth speaking of. Nevertheless, responsible observers here think that Mr Nehru, as well as other senior members of the party, owe it to the country to build up a second line of leadership before it is too late.

Fleet Street

Sunday Telegraph?

In the battle for success in an affluent society the mass-circulation Sunday newspapers continue to call on all the resources of sex, violence, 'true confessions' and intimate exposures of high and low society that money can mobilise. But the real focus of interest in Sunday journalism is now moving to the world of the higher income brackets. Here the competition, if more gentlemanly, is hardly less fierce and it may soon get even fiercer if – as is now probable – the *Daily Telegraph* decides to see whether the formula that has brought such solid success in daily journalism will work for a Sunday newspaper and launches a *Sunday Telegraph*.

The remarkable circulation success of the *Sunday Times*, and to only a somewhat lesser degree the *Observer*, has already made it clear that the market for serious Sunday journalism is now much larger than anybody anticipated even a few years ago. The remaining question is whether it is large enough to provide a satisfactory living for three newspapers. Both the *Sunday Times* and the *Observer* now provide two-newspapers-in-one each weekend – a general newspaper and a feature section. The *Observer* was, to use its own words, 'partitioned' for the first time last Sunday. The *Sunday Times* has been printed in two completely separate sections in the north for some months, although it was not until last Sunday also that readers in London and the south were offered the physical advantage of a paper actually delivered in two parts. Having successfully established itself as the practically inevitable home of the serialised memoirs of the great, the *Sunday Times* is extending the technique of the feature documentary in a number of new fields; and under Mr Roy Thomson, who looks like developing into one of the most eruptive influences to have hit Fleet Street for several decades, it has plans for even greater development. At present we get for our 5d, 40 pages every Sunday – divided half and half between a general newspaper and a magazine section. When present printing plans are completed, however, this will be increased to a regular 48 pages at least, with a still wider coverage of magazine features and probably greater sectionalisation. And there may well be more ahead – for after all, even 48 pages is chicken-feed compared with the American Sunday newspaper.

It is in these plans for a larger *Sunday Times* that there lies the key to the strong possibility that the *Daily Telegraph* will join in the battle. Under Lord Kemsley, the London editions of the *Sunday Times* were printed by his brother Lord Camrose's *Daily Telegraph*, whose presses were thus kept in lucrative employment on the Saturday. However Mr Roy Thomson notified the *Telegraph* earlier this year that he was contemplating other printing arrangements as he wished to produce a larger *Sunday Times* than the *Telegraph* could cope with (its maximum is a 40-page paper). A one year's notice to terminate the contract was therefore given. By the end of January next Mr Thomson will have completed his own rebuilding in Gray's Inn Road and will have available for the job of providing a bigger – and no doubt better – *Sunday Times* the most modern printing press in Europe, if not in the world – equipped at a cost of over £2m.

This will leave the *Telegraph* with surplus printing capacity. It is this that has turned the thoughts of the *Telegraph* management to the

possibility of publishing their own Sunday paper – plus, of course, the other attractions of the 'class' Sunday market. High among these attractions is a rich advertising revenue – indeed among the reasons for Mr Thomson's decision to spend a great deal of money in order to be able to print a bigger *Sunday Times* himself is not only his transatlantic belief in size, and his conviction that a still bigger and more varied *Sunday Times* will attract even more readers, but also the hard business fact that for some time the *Sunday Times* has not been able to accommodate all the advertisements offered to it.

But is there a market for a third serious Sunday paper? The combined circulation of the *Sunday Times* and the *Observer* is very close to that of the combined circulation of the three serious morning papers, *The Times*, the *Guardian* and the *Telegraph* itself. They probably have a somewhat similar readership, with some overspill from the *News Chronicle* and the more serious-minded fringes of the more popular newspapers. Can this market be extended? Although numerically small compared with the mass readership of the popular press, it has, in fact, been expanding at a more rapid rate for some time, and Mr Roy Thomson, for one, believes that it can be expanded still more. Not, perhaps, without some alteration in character: 'A newspaper with a circulation approaching a million', he remarked recently, 'must concern itself with topics and tastes which were only marginal when its circulation was only half as great.' If the *Telegraph* decides to take the plunge into the deep but inviting waters of serious Sunday journalism, it is this changing character of the *Sunday Times* and the related fact of the increasing involvement of both the *Sunday Times* and the *Observer* in magazine features of which it will try to take advantage. Just as the *Daily Telegraph* has built up its success by concentrating on hard news to a degree no other British newspaper does, so what is being considered in a *Sunday Telegraph* is a paper with much greater concentration on news and "news specials" of background value than on magazine features.

Historically, both here and in the United States, Sunday newspapers have always tended to develop as magazines to a much greater extent than the daily press (although the daily press from the *Express* to the *Guardian* is now moving very much in that direction also) and it would be very interesting to see whether the *Telegraph*, which has succeeded by running against the tide in daily journalism, can do the same in Sunday journalism. Meanwhile, with those soon-to-be-idle printing presses, the economic urge to make the experiment is considerable.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Westminster

The Putty Medals

J. P. W. Mallalieu writes: After one parliamentary election, when the Tory had been unexpectedly beaten, I heard a wail from the daughter of the local Conservative chairman. 'Oh dear!' she said. 'Now father won't get his honour'. After presiding over all those tedious committees, where women persist in talking on when it is clear that a man needs a drink, after sitting on draughty platforms behind that bleak carafe of water listening over and over again to that dreary speech, after smiling till his face ached at people he would prefer to ignore, there was to be no knighthood, not even an OBE. The disappointment was indeed bitter.

Some people thrash about in the lower reaches of politics with no other aim in view than to see their names in the Prime Minister's list when the New Year or Birthday Honours are published in *The Times*. The citation will read 'For political and public services', which means acting as unpaid manager of the local party machine; and the man who gets it finds the job worthwhile after all. At last he has been picked out from his fellows.

He may not be wholly satisfied with the reward he receives; and indeed the system of awards is sometimes puzzling. One wonders for example, why the political and public services of Lt-Col. T. W. L. Hughes in North Wales rate an OBE, while those of Mrs M. H. Charlton in Surrey are fobbed off with an MBE. Perhaps it is easier to hoe a Tory row in, say, Esher, than it is on the stonier ground of, say, Anglesey. But there is always hope that by further efforts Mrs Charlton may become a Dame; and that could well stir Colonel Hughes into going out for a knighthood. In this way, without expenditure of cash even by the Federation of British Industries or the Institute of Directors, Tory wheels are kept well greased.

Of course other wheels are kept well greased as well, whether they belong to the Lower Banffshire Local Savings Committee or the Burnley and District Hospital Management Committee or the lower grades of the civil service, where men and women can be induced to accept drudgery and poorish pay by the certain knowledge that at the end of the day they will be able to add letters to their names and hang ribbons round their necks. If the citation 'for char. serv. in Camberley and Frimley' means what it might seem, the BEM is being used not only to grease wheels but to keep places clean. But these latter awards are for genuine public service, not just for private service to a political party.

In the lower reaches of politics, honours are a reward for achievement of some sort – doubling the number of Conservative branches in an area, opening one's grounds for Conservative garden parties (provided, of course, that the visitors are carefully screened for calypso singers) or acquiring enough money of one's own to make substantial subscriptions to the party funds without being observed by the Political Honours Scrutiny Committee (Tel: Whitehall 1234). But in the higher reaches, they are a reward for failure. Does one want to get rid of a minister who is too tired or too incompetent? Make him a peer and no feelings are hurt. Does one want to tell a back-bencher that for all his loyalty in the division lobby and for all the painstaking speeches he has refrained from making at the request of Whips, he will never be considered for office? Then make him a knight or even, if there is special need for sweetening (as with National Liberals), a baronet.

These compensations for loss of office, or for failure to get office, are useful emollients which tend to reduce grousing in the corridors or subversion in the backrooms. They are instruments of harmony which might help the Labour Party; but Labour thinks it ought to frown on them (Lords Attlee, Morrison and Dalton notwithstanding). One can only guess what effect a knighthood would have on the ebullience of, say, Mr Woodrow Wyatt.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Two Theories of Opposition

RICHARD CROSSMAN'S brilliant Fabian pamphlet, *Labour in the Affluent Society*, will furnish food for thought, or fuel for the flames, for many a day. He makes two main points: one to insist that the proper role of the Opposition is simply to oppose, the other to rebut the thesis of C. A. R. Crosland (though some of my students sometimes confuse the two) about the stability of capitalism and to suggest that there is need, after all, for Socialists to remain Socialists. Public attention has so far centred on the second of Mr Crossman's points. But his first point has important implications for the Labour movement which may well prove quite independent of the argument over whether we should rethink, reaffirm or reorganise. If this first point is really accepted, then it may be possible for argument over the second point to rage in a manner that could actually demonstrate the strength of the Labour movement, not its alleged tendency towards suicidal instability; that is unless one side or the other 'wins' completely – a tendency which is argued for, in suspicious unison, by the far left and far right of the party and by the entire Conservative press. The time, after all, is over-ripe for some rethinking about the true role of opposition: Mr Gaitskell is now leading the longest Opposition, ignoring coalitions, in British politics since the Reform Bill of 1832.

There are two theories of the function of opposition. They are normally and pleasantly held to be complementary theories, but, in fact, they can be contradictory, mutually destructive. There is the theory that the Opposition must stand ready to provide an *alternative government*; and there is the theory that the Opposition's function is *simply to oppose*. It is remarkable that the first theory has in recent years, in the heavy press and in academic writings, come to replace the second as the orthodox view of the constitution; and, through the advocacy and example of Mr Attlee, it came to be accepted by the Parliamentary Labour Party. Like most academic political theories, it exercises a far greater hold over men's minds than the purely practical are prone to recognise. And like most such theories it is composed of two elements, a descriptive and a prescriptive one. The descriptive one is that parties do in fact alternate in power; and the prescriptive element is that an opposition should think of itself as nearly a government—and thus be rendered 'responsible'.

Now the only real difficulty with this descriptive element is that it is completely untrue. England is normally governed by the Conservative Party or by Conservative-dominated coalitions. The Labour Party is now *the* normal opposition; it has only formed a majority government twice in its history (with a working majority only once). The myth of alternation, specifically an old Liberal myth, is itself almost a part of the constitution, but the constitution as interpreted in the interests of the party that normally hopes to govern. If the Labour Party were to recognise that it is, for better or for worse, the normal opposition, not the co-inheritor of a perpetual hair's-breadth chance on the five year scales, might it not do more good for the country by a fighting opposition than by the self-imposed limitations of acting like a retired government-in-waiting?

For the whole idea that an opposition should be primarily an alternative government is misconceived. The prospect of forming a government is surely the reward of successful opposition, not of successful make-believe? Surely the first duty of an opposition is – the old Radicals were quite right – simply to oppose. If this is a platitude then it only means that each generation must make platitudes pregnant anew. Parnell, not even the leader of *the* Opposition, with a handful of Irishmen was able to dominate the political conversation of Britain in a way that Mr Gaitskell's parliamentary party, numbered in their hundreds, cannot.

The Opposition has a public duty to oppose – regardless, just as a lawyer has a duty to defend – regardless. The motives of those who seek to replace this ancient formula by the notion of 'responsible alternative government' are far from beyond question. England of the Establishment has much to gain by persuading the party of England of Dissent that it gains votes and serves the public interest by playing the charade of 'next government', rather than by living the real life of actual opposition. A natural diversity of attack is then stifled by the attempt of the leader of the Opposition to ensure that only one 'official' line of opposition is pursued. The charade of the Shadow Cabinet has now included even junior 'ministerial appointments' ('shadows of a whore's ghost' indeed – to take a phrase from another Irishman).

If there are to be two detailed policies, the real and the shadow, then the energy of the leader of the Opposition will, almost inevitably, be consumed in fighting his own followers in defence of the area of coincidence, the overlap of common ground so flattering to ex-ministers, between the government's policies and his own shadow policies. The simple duty of opposition is simply to oppose. It is not there to propound detailed alternative policies – a fatal habit that Mr Gaitskell shares with his most determined party opponents. Whether doctrinaires of right or left like it or not, it seems that many not-so-simple folk still vote on the old and hallowed ground of 'the conduct of the late ministry', not on the rival glitter of manifestos during their brief life's flight from doormat to dust-bin. The Opposition, whatever its policies, must ground itself and gain ground on that distrust of government in general which is still an essential part of freedom. When a government is brought into distrust, another will be tried; but not until. Nothing is more foolish and unpolitical than to demand that an opposition should speak with a clear and united voice on every issue, should develop tortuous and ingenious policies on defence, on anything, even on pensions, in advance of the immediate prospect of power. An opposition should be prepared, some plans should be laid (away), something should be known of them; but broad principles should be the basis of an effective opposition, not detailed programmes.

The government is the grave hedge-hog, thinking out and spikily defending all things as coherently as it can; but the Opposition must be the fox, snapping up everything, jumping through every hole in the hedge of ministers, snatching at every headline in any paper, however abusive – it's all publicity – with glee, not with fear of being denounced by the *Express* as 'Socialist' or by *The Times* Mental Furnishing Company as 'irresponsible'. On the contrary, an opposition is irresponsible if it pictures itself as an alternative, 'responsible' government; the public is then robbed of the constant root-and-branch criticism of government to which it is entitled.

At the moment the press is belabouring the Opposition for being split on its defence policy. But defence should be a classic instance of an area in which the Opposition has no business to develop a rival policy. By seeking such a policy Labour has splendidly, generously, pathetically diverted attention from the almost comic incompetence of the present government in its chosen field. Surely there is only one really alternative view on defence? – that we do not need or cannot afford such things. This may not be a 'responsible view', but it is the only view that serves the public interest in putting the government's whole programme to the test of fundamental criticism. One cannot run an Opposition on the claim that one knew that Blue Streak would not work (because of something that an ex-minister was told over lunch by a disgruntled Admiral), but only on the principle that things like it should never have been attempted.

Mr Gaitskell plainly does not feel that there is much charm of politics in opposition. But he is constitutionally responsible for the conduct of *opposition*, not of shadow government. If he will not learn from Parnell, he might at least study the effective example of the Conservative Opposition of 1945 to 1951. They did not cut themselves to bits by trying to muzzle their saints and sinners; rather they turned them loose on the government, pell mell. Their leaders did not accept responsibility for the more violent anti-Welfare State irregulars, but neither did they disavow them. The leaders built up a 'new image' of an official conservatism while all the time reaping the benefits of the slow discrediting of the government which arose, in part at least, from the 'irresponsible' opposition of their own trouble-makers and untouchables. The right wing did the dirty work and the centre reaped the respectable benefits. The moral is plain.

The greatness of the Labour movement is that it is essentially a coalition, a gathering up into a single movement of all parts of anti-Establishment and non-conformist Britain, an orchestration of dissent which has historical roots, and a tradition of democratic politics, as deep as and far more vital than the alleged single Conservative tradition. One election, with a swing of a mere four per cent, does not rewrite the social history of England. There never was a time when the Labour Party could not be pictured by some journalists, over-impressed with the importance of personalities and paper-ideas, as being on the verge of a final flying apart. There never was a time when the Labour movement was wholly 'truly Socialist', nor yet one when it could have lived without Socialism. 'Unity is strength' is a Labour political slogan to grasp the sociological fact that its dynamic has been diversity. Even my knowledgeable colleague Robert McKenzie is swept away into assuring readers of a Sunday newspaper that the Labour Party must perish if it does not change its ideas (thus generously refuting in public one of the main themes of his pioneering book, *British Political Parties* – that ideas count for little beside interest and organisation). If Conservative politics are in essence oligarchical, Labour politics are in essence pluralistic. But all this, if recognised and acted upon, should make Labour uniquely effective in opposition.

If Mr Brown thinks one thing and Mr Cousins several others, this should let Labour

have it both ways in hitting the government. The cause of opposition is to be fought with both hands, not just the one it can spare from the sacred task of self-discipline for the sake of shadow policies. The leader has power enough when the time comes. Opposition is an orchestration of all discontents; the leader must harmonise and conduct it, but it cannot be reduced to a single theme. A leader of an Opposition should be able to capitalise on diversity, not destroy it. But it seems not. The Parliamentary Labour Party is hag-ridden by a false theory: that an opposition is an alternative government, not, over and above all else, simply an opposition.

It is bad luck for the public interest that Mr Gaitskell's constitution, unlike Sir Toby Belch's, is so sober that it leaves those in authority so unannoyed! 'So soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible.'

BERNARD CRICK

London Diary

I COULDN'T get the two separated in my mind. By my window on the top of the Downs, I read in the Sunday papers how Woodrow Wyatt and Cousins, Crossman, Gaitskell, Shinwell, Brown and the rest were battering each other and the Labour Party to pieces. Would it, I asked myself, be fragmented? Would they succeed in pulling it up by the roots? Meanwhile outside something similar was happening in the garden. My roses were being bruised and battered by the gale. The young, tender shoots were broken off; the climbers were being dashed against the wall; bushes and shrubs in the beds were being shaken out of the ground; some of them looked as though they would be uprooted altogether. What, you may ask, is the analogy? The Labour leaders too are victims of the high wind of change. Tories can stand stiff in the ground until the wind brings them down, but Labour 're-thinkers' are compelled to try to adjust their policy as they become conscious of the hurricane that is sweeping over the world. They must include in their thinking the new fact of the 'affluent society', which is making the old Social Democratic thinking out of date. They cannot be content merely to say that war is 'ruled out' by nuclear energy; they must argue and, if necessary, quarrel, in their urgent search for the alternative to war.

* * *

This spectacle of assault and battery inside the party is the more distressing because real progress towards unity has recently been made among its serious leaders. George Brown, who, somewhat surprisingly, has been a most effective reconciler in the last few weeks, now agrees with Harold Wilson (and many other responsible MPs) in accepting the defence policy outlined in this journal by Wigg and Crossman. It is a policy that can unite; those who accept it may prove the nucleus of a centre which can stand. It can include Frank Cousins, if Gaitskell and his friends are not determined to make him into an enemy. *Tribune* will in any case continue to exercise its proper function as the organ of the left wing of the party. Bernard Crick's article on another page should be enough to convince anyone – even, one would have thought, Mr Gaitskell – that a great coalition like the Labour movement cannot be presented as a possible alternative government if it is led from the far corner of one of its wings. Earl Attlee knew better than to attach himself to any group inside the party. Leadership cannot consist in trying to dictate a policy which is anathema to a majority, or even a large minority, of the rank and file; to attempt such leadership is intellectually, historically and practically nonsense. When I consider how far the internal movement towards unity has gone, I cannot forgive abusive speeches of people like Woodrow Wyatt and Emanuel Shinwell; they are equally unimportant in the party, but they know how to win headlines at a time when the Tory press is doing its best to exacerbate the quarrel. Sir Tom Williamson of course is not to be similarly written off as irresponsible, but how could he think it wise, especially at such a time, to talk of witch-hunts and hint at expulsions? Sane friends of Labour will support the movement towards a unifying centre whether they are wholly in agreement with its policy or not.

* * *

The news (not yet confirmed) that Alf Robens is to succeed Sir James Bowman as chairman of the Coal Board has been seized upon by the Tory press as a clever Macmillan ploy for making confusion in the Labour Party worse confounded. In fact, I doubt whether Mr Robens would be much criticised in the party for accepting the top post in a nationalised industry. Some alarm has been expressed among the mine workers that the government means to 'dismantle nationalisation' i.e. to split the industry into competitive regional units with more pits shut down and more miners put out of work to benefit the oil industry. But I find it hard to believe that Mr Robens could lend himself to hatchet work of this kind. What I do doubt is whether he is of the calibre necessary to compel the government to make the industry part of a balanced fuel policy.

* * *

Elizabeth Allen, for eighteen years the devoted secretary of the National Council for Civil Liberties has resigned owing to ill health. No one has as much reason to be grateful to her as those released from mental homes after years of illegal detention. One of these spoke at last week's annual meeting of the Council. A young man (in his early thirties) who has spent 23 years in an institution but now 'thanks to Miss Allen' and the NCCL is leading a normal life. His testimony aptly coincided with the announcement that the Nuffield Foundation has just granted £25,000 to PEP to report on the mental health services. It is to be hoped that PEP will work closely with the NCCL, whose new secretary, Mr Martin Ennals has for years co-operated with Miss Allen in studying the subject and working for a change in the law.

* * *

The County Court judge decided, no doubt correctly, that it was not a matter for him whether the Hampstead Borough Council could defend its citizens against an atomic attack. Civil defence, as it is, might indeed be a pack of nonsense, but that was from his point of view irrelevant. The object of Mr Michael Barclay's action seems to have been reasonably well achieved. More people will see that Duncan Sandys was right in saying that CD could not defend the civil population, but only the bases from which an aggressor might be destroyed. There are, you see, three defence policies. The first is for Britain to clear out of nuclear war preparations and hope that if America and Russia decide to try to destroy each other, a large proportion of the British will escape death from fall-out. The second would be to provide real defence, that is, if not to roof in England with some impregnable material, then at least to provide, at staggering cost, such deep shelter and storage accommodation that some part of the population might hope to survive the war. The third policy is the present official one, that is, to die bravely in the happy knowledge that the Americans will be able to kill many millions of Russians after this island has become largely uninhabited and uninhabitable.

* * *

Don't tell me birching is not a deterrent. It depends on who is birched. I recall the late Lord Chief Justice rashly telling a young delinquent that it was a pity he had not been well flogged as a child; in fact, he had already been flogged silly and had, therefore, presumably lost much of his natural fear of flogging. Many years ago when I used to visit gaols, I was shown by a warder just how birching was carried out – a nasty bloody business. He told me of a tough who had remarked to him after being birched that he had 'had worse hidings from his mother'. In short, the tougher and the more violent, the less deterred by fear of pain. But in the case of other crimes, such, for instance, as drunken driving, which is mainly a middle-class form of violence, I cannot help thinking that birching would be very effective indeed. We are told that after Christmas parties last year many of the road casualties were due to people coming home intoxicated. If the automatic penalty for driving 'under the influence' had been birching, I do not think any of these drivers would have been allowed by their friends to drive.

* * *

Perhaps next Wednesday I shall be walking up St James's Street with Samuel Butler's soap-dish in my pocket – and a warm glow in my heart at having helped the London Library. For Christie's have offered a sale that evening, on behalf of the Library (which has paid off its backlog of rates but has to build up a fund for future demands); and the pictures, books and manuscripts which the Library's members and well-wishers have offered should make it a remarkable occasion. E. M. Forster has given the manuscript of *A Passage to India;* T. S. Eliot has made a special autograph copy of *The Waste Land;* and Leonard Woolf has presented the first edition of that poem. There are other first editions of Eliot, Virginia Woolf, Joyce, Forster; Gibbon's copy of Bayle's *Dictionnaire Historique* (from Raymond Mortimer) and Hobhouse's of Byron's *Letters and Journals* (from Sir Harold Nicolson), and manuscripts by Graham Greene, Lytton Strachey, J. B. Priestley, Anthony Powell, and Evelyn Waugh. Christie's are serving other good causes: this Friday morning (17th) they are holding a sale of 20th-century drawings and pictures for the benefit of the Society of African Culture – one of whose objects is to build up a library of African studies in London. There will be works by Picasso, Sutherland, Guttuso, Jack Yeats, Ben Nicholson, Sidney Nolan and others – many of them presented by the artists. Every chance, again, of pleasing oneself, and knowing that one is on the side of the angels at the same time!

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Said Mrs Gibson, who lives in the parish of St John's, Highbury Vale: 'In my letter to the Queen I said that I thought the council's action in building the urinal opposite the church gates was an insult to the Church of England, of which Her Majesty is the head.

'It was a delicate matter to broach and I suggested that the Queen might, perhaps, refer the letter to Prince Philip.' – *North London Press.* (P. J. Williams.)

Mr Antony Armstrong-Jones' boyhood rocking horse is to be a feature of the 163 North London Scout Group's (Winchmore Hill Congregational Church) 12th annual fete . . . Visitors will be invited to be photographed sitting on the rocking horse. – *Palmers Green & Southgate Gazette.* (A. I. Gale.)

As president of the Leicester WVS, the Duchess of Rutland has set an example to the women of the county by gathering a group together at Belvoir Castle to hear One-in-Five talks.

Three short talks, taking only 70 minutes in all, to learn the effects of nuclear warfare and how to protect yourself should it come.

The Duchess commented after the talks: 'Although I had imagined nuclear warfare to be quite devastating, I now feel most reassured.' – *Melton Mowbray Times.* (B. G. A. Brewster.)

The biscuit dating from World War I, which a woman has, is not the oldest. My grandson has a biscuit I had in 1903 when serving on HMS Spartan. I varnished it, and he has it hanging up in his home. – Letter in *Daily Herald.* (Lorna Wood.)

A Turn for the Better

It's 18 months now since that warm autumn night when I stood on the corner of Powis Terrace with a feeling of mute despair, watched the mob scatter and regroup as the police car moved away, and picked out of the gutter a beer bottle filled with petrol that had been intended for a Negro family's front room. Reporting the Notting Hill riots was nobody's idea of fun. It has been much more pleasant to return and discover that somebody is doing something about Powis Terrace: about the social and economic situation that made the riots possible.

By 'somebody' I don't mean the law, or a political party, or a team of social workers – although help from all of these is needed. In the end, the problems of this sick patch of London can be tackled only by the people who live there. People like the committee of the Powis and Colville Residents' Association, who were – reading round the table in the secretary's flat – two housewives, a toolmaker, a railwayman, a draughtsman, and a packer. The last-named was Nigerian, the others white, with one of the women married to an immigrant from Barbados.

Although you can walk round Powis Square and Colville Square and up Powis Terrace in less than five minutes, this little area has a bigger population than some of the market towns in the AA handbook. Nobody really knows how many people live there; and, if you made a survey your figures would be out of date by the time you had tabulated them. I trudged to the top of one of the forbidding, cliff-like houses in Powis Terrace. Not so long ago, it would have been the home of a substantial City or professional man. ('There were servants in these top rooms when my father came up from Wales in 1934', said the railwayman on the committee.) After the war, it was converted into five family flats. Even then, a certain style was kept up. 'SALVE', said a tattered mat before each front door, and the back doors on the half-landings were lettered in fading paint 'Tradesmen's Entrance.' These touches of the past, amid the flaking plaster, the damp-stained walls, and the pervasive smells, induced an eerie feeling, as in some stately home taken over by one of the services in wartime.

The principal tenant of Flat 5, with his wife and two small children, had two rooms; two more were occupied by another couple and two teenagers; the three smaller rooms each accommodated a single lodger. The kitchen was a place of dust and cobwebs, used only for drawing water, as each tenant cooked in his own quarters. These 11 people shared a WC (usually blocked) and a bath (never used, as the landlord doesn't provide hot water). How many people lived in the house? Shoulders were shrugged. Would 50 be a fair guess? Heads were nodded. A Borough Council report estimates that the 16 houses in the Terrace contain 140 lettings and a population of 300, but the real figures are certainly higher.

Nearly all the people in the house were coloured immigrants. A born Londoner – a resident of 30 years' standing – hung on resentfully in Flat 1, but he no longer had the whole flat; like the other tenants, he had let off rooms. This small fact demonstrated for me the simple truth about the terrible overcrowding in North Kensington. If tenants are constantly sub-dividing their meagre homes, it is not usually to batten on the less fortunate, or for immoral purposes, or even to help a cousin just arrived from Jamaica. It is to pay to rent.

The tenant of the two main rooms of Flat 5, with a manual job (like most West Indians) and a wage of £10 before deductions, was paying a rent of £4 10s. He could have had the whole flat, of course, by paying £12 or £13, which is what it brought in. The Association knows of a labourer at London Airport (think of the fares to work, for a start) earning £11 and paying £7 10s. in rent. Inhabitants of the rotting, insanitary houses of North Kensington are often people, as one of their LCC representatives put it, with social disabilities. That may mean a pensioner or a cripple; it may mean a deserted wife or an unmarried mother with small children and small earnings; it may mean a prostitute or a man with good reason to avoid the police; it may simply mean a dark skin. In all cases, it means someone debarred from finding accommodation in a 'nice' district – someone who must take what he can get and pay what he is asked. In most cases, it means someone who simply cannot pay without sharing the burden.

Three causes have contributed to the soaring of the rents. First, the old and reputable landowners, such as the Colville Estate, decided that they could not cope with the accumulated need for repairs and sold out. Houses passed, directly or in stages, into the hand of irresponsible speculators. In 1955, I was told, an insurance company sold eight houses needing altogether £15,000 in repairs; the buyer had resold two of them before paying the purchase money. The second cause, naturally, was the wave of immigration from the West Indies. The third was the 1957 Rent Act, which ended rent control in many of the houses because of their value, and in most of the rest under the 'change of tenancy' clause. Two examples of what happened will suffice. A family paying 50s until control ended was evicted; their flat now holds four families paying a total of nine guineas. The rent of a basement flat was originally 21s; after the Act (since the house was still in the controlled category) it went up to 35s; now, after a change of tenancy, it is 70s.

It was obviously to the interest of the landlords to secure changes of tenancies – in plain words, to drive people out. West Indians are often reproached for their anti-social behaviour, and it may as well be admitted that their standards of hygiene – and certainly of quietness – often varied from the English norm, especially before the men had been joined by their families. But the Association has direct evidence of immigrants being encouraged, and even paid, to foul the premises or play records all night and thus make life intolerable for the older tenants.

I was shown a house from which an English family moved out one Saturday afternoon, to be replaced before evening by 15 coloured men, whom my coloured informant frankly described as riff-raff, and who soon achieved their mission of emptying the other flats. Often the landlord suggests a moving-in party and pays for the drinks. Another scheme is to convert a flat – usually a basement – into a club which becomes a night-long centre for drinking, fights and rendezvous. Or else a flat is let to a prostitute, which brings in quick money as well as helping the general strategy. This topic deserves a special note.

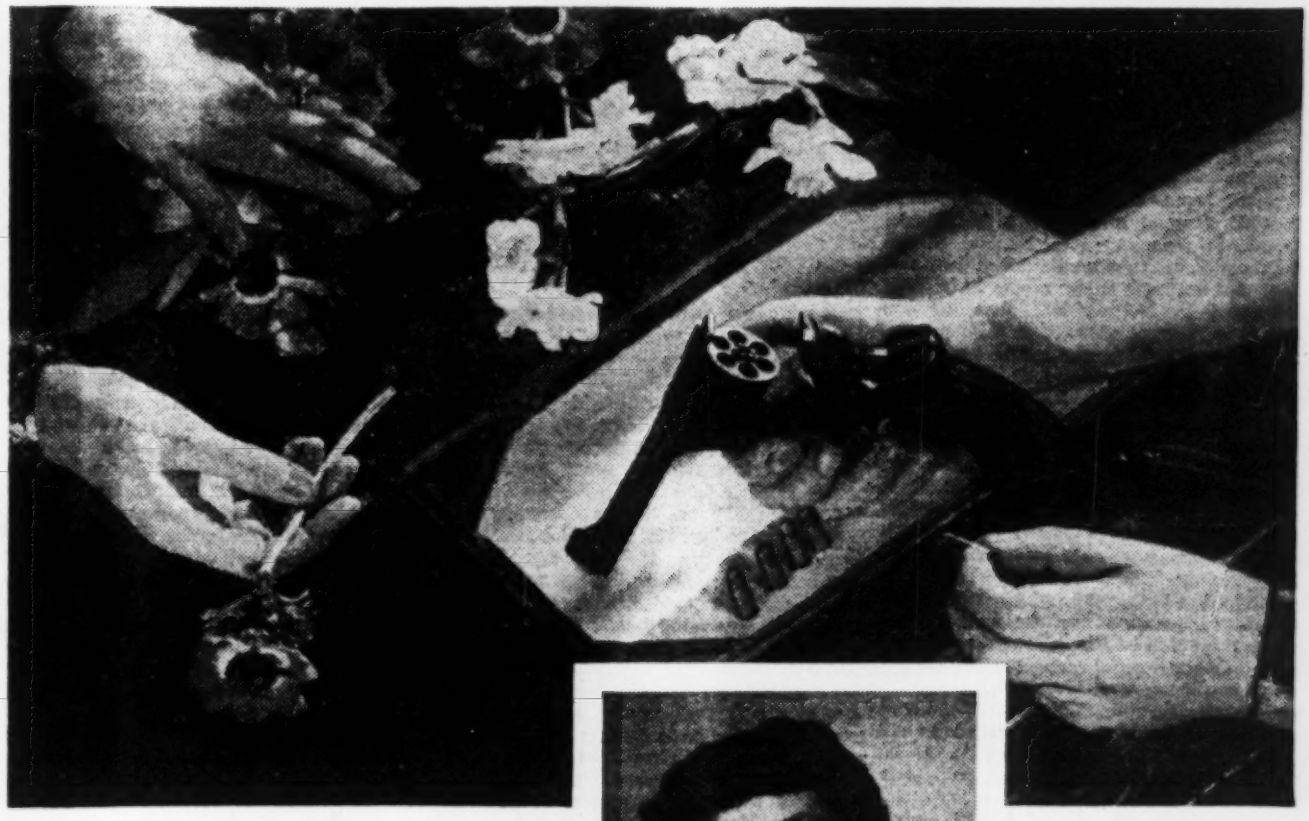
People in Powis and Colville Squares believe that they are the victims of the Street Offences Act – the dumping-ground for the sweepings cleared from the West End pavements. It was bad enough, they say, when the street-walkers brought men home. Now the customers, hazily or drunkenly remembering telephone directions or memories of a previous visit, come to find the girls. It wasn't very pleasant, said my Welsh railwayman, to be knocked up at four in the morning and have to explain that this wasn't Joyce's flat. Obviously, there is a limit to the amount of this kind of thing that a timid old widow or a mother of small children can stand.

The example of collective resistance came from St Stephen's Square, just over the Paddington boundary. It was a rather less tough proposition, in that coloured residents are still a minority and it escaped the 1958 riots. But tension was growing; property was being bought up by the most notorious of Rioteland's property-owners, and four disorderly clubs had sprouted. Formed a year ago, the local Association made these clubs its first target – by legal action or the threat of it, it has by now got them all closed – and naturally attracted support from native-born Londoners.

This is where the danger arises; contrary to the intention of its founders, the Association could be seen as a 'white defence movement.' The confidence of the immigrants was gained when a Negro was beaten up by white hooligans and the Association collected statements from witnesses. A musical evening, with a discussion on 'How Jazz Started,' marked the break-through; there were exactly 16 white and 16 coloured people in the room. There are now 100 coloured people – almost all

CYPRUS...THE HEART AND THE HELL OF IT

Lady Foot's Inside Story from Government House



In all Britain's Imperial history, never before has there been a story like this.
From Government House usually come cold, official announcements, platitudes... even pomposity.
How different in Cyprus! There the story of the emergency has been written by a warm hearted, vivacious and witty woman, Lady Sylvia Foot, wife of Sir Hugh Mackintosh Foot, the Governor. Her important book "Emergency Exit"* appears exclusively in the News Chronicle, the first of seven instalments beginning on Monday 20th June.

* *Soon to be published by Chatto & Windus*

Lady Foot writes:

The story of the bayonets in the bath-tub

My life behind the barbed wire

The night I thought Grivas would kill me

I weep for the widows

What I did with the Prime Minister's top secret

Our race against a death sentence

The enchanted evening of the Queen's birthday

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News Chronicle WORLD SCOOP

those who live in the area – among the 330 members. The Association has forced landlords to do some necessary repairs, paid an electricity bill when a landlord coerced a tenant by cutting off the light, and prepared 14 cases for the Rent Tribunal. It is, by the way, several months since Mosley's men last showed their faces in St Stephen's Square.

The Powis and Colville Association, after six months of work, is only beginning to win the trust of the immigrants. This is the very heart of Riotland, with prejudice and tension still acute and the Fascists steadily canvassing. Besides, instead of the usual racial mingling, there is a measure of tacit *apartheid;* white people predominate in Colville Square, coloured in Powis Square and Terrace. More of the latter might have attended a recent meeting, if a well-known strong-arm man employed by one of the landlords had not posted himself at the doorway. Although far more people have been threatened in Notting Hill than actually beaten up, fear of violence is a potent discouragement to any movement which the landlords dislike.

For the Association, the first task is to collect information. This is a slow and intricate job, but often it amounts to effecting a change in the situation. A canvass showed that 40 per cent of the tenants had either no rent books or books which showed a phoney rent. Once this was publicised, the landlords took fright; accurate rent books are now the rule. Another simple demand that makes a big difference is that the tenant should know who his landlord is. One Association member told me that he had paid rent every year to a differently-named company, but the address in Slough was always the same. He was in fact paying the same man all the time, who owns many of the worst properties and who is referred to in North Kensington with about as much affection as Dr Verwoerd in Sharpeville. It may be significant that this landlord is fast disposing of houses, though nobody quite knows if he is really moving out or sheltering behind straw men.

The Association has chalked up some useful achievements by putting pressure on the authorities. Sanitary and medical officers have visited and reported on houses they had ignored. The Council, after a long argument and the presentation of a petition, has conceded a twice-weekly refuse collection. Evidence about the shadier clubs has resulted in their closure. But there can be no real improvement in conditions so long as landlords are able to charge extortionate rent and continue to neglect the most elementary repairs.

The West London Rent Tribunal has a well-deserved reputation for fairness and vigour. It has not only ordered some slashing reductions (from £6 to 30s. was one instance mentioned to me), but readily prolongs security of tenure after the term of three months runs out. The difficulty is to get tenants to believe that the Tribunal can protect them against revenge of one sort or another. Out of the first 26 cases brought in North Kensington, 21 were withdrawn as a result of intimidation. This problem could be overcome if the Council exercised its right to bring cases itself – legally, it is the property and not the tenant whose rent is to be fixed – without the tenant having to start proceedings. Fulham's Council does this, but the Royal Borough will not.

Things are moving, however, thanks mainly to the energetic work of the LCC members. Mr Donald Chesworth has prepared most of the 150 cases brought in the last year, and has built up a panel of Socialist barristers who give their services free. Not one case has been lost. Among thousands of exploited tenants, this is no more than a beginning. But the example is already making landlords a little more wary. The number of cases will go up and the rents come down when North Kensington is covered by Residents' Associations uniting white and coloured people, who can give confidence to the fearful and provide intimate local knowledge.

Social health for this debilitated community is still far away. To realise that, I had only to scan a recent back-issue of the *Kensington News*. The Council's report on Powis Terrace, and the 'shock' it had caused a world away in the Town Hall, made the main story. There are three cases of assault with bottle, knife, or studded belt; three of window-smashing, two at coloured homes and one at Mosley's local headquarters. A prostitute complains to a court that her landlord is ruining her by denying her hot water; a local teacher is fined for creating a disturbance in Trafalgar Square, where he shouted 'Keep Britain White!' Drinking dens and immoral earnings fill up the pages, incongruously jostled by flower shows and lectures on beauty therapy, which point the contrast between south and north.

But the patient is making an effort to help himself. There is a turn for the better.

MERVYN JONES

Smugglers and Pirates

EMPTY bottles were what was most worth smuggling from Sandakan in British North Borneo into Indonesian Borneo just round the coastline. Old medicine bottles sold for a halfpenny in Sandakan, but they fetched a shilling in Indonesia. Rubber and spices were generally smuggled back on the return journey, but sometimes boats came back empty from Indonesia. To the west, across the Sulu Seas, North Borneo fishermen took cigarettes and anything manufactured in Hongkong (particularly the very bright, cheap cotton beach-shirts) to the Philippines, mostly to Hola, the nearest port. Sugar was best worth smuggling back.

The other industry in the Sulu Seas was piracy; the last area in the world, they told me, where they had serious pirates. The pirates mostly lived on the smaller islands; and the biggest group of them were currently said to be in the Celebes. They robbed boats at sea; and once a pirate ship had beached, burnt a small British-protected port and sacked it. One man in the port had got killed, but it was said to be by mistake. The pirates often took all the clothes (except the underpants) of the people they robbed, as well as everything else on their boats; but they very seldom killed anybody.

An Indian clerk in Sandakan was the first person who told me about the pirates. He was shocked because I wanted to go across the Sulu Seas to the Philippines in a local boat. The proper way to get to the Philippines, he said, was to go back several thousand miles to Hongkong or Singapore and catch an aeroplane to Manila. This would certainly be expensive, the clerk conceded, and it was also true that in good weather the fishing boats only took two days from Sandakan to Hola. But, said the clerk, uncomfortable but determined to make me see sense, did I realise that the local boats 'had no proper toilet facilities for lady passengers'?

Fortunately the clerk's boss was a Canadian, and so had less exalted ideas about ladies. He had travelled on most of the local boats himself, and he found me a Chinese-owned Kumpit with a crew who were old friends of his. It was a most beautiful boat with a black narrow hull, and a big sail striped in Oxford and Cambridge blues. All the Kumpits had these sails in very bright colours. There were several carbon blues, one striped black and white, some pinks and a faded green patched with purple. The sea was blue-green, and at that time of year there were scarlet sunsets to silhouette the boats sailing home in the evenings.

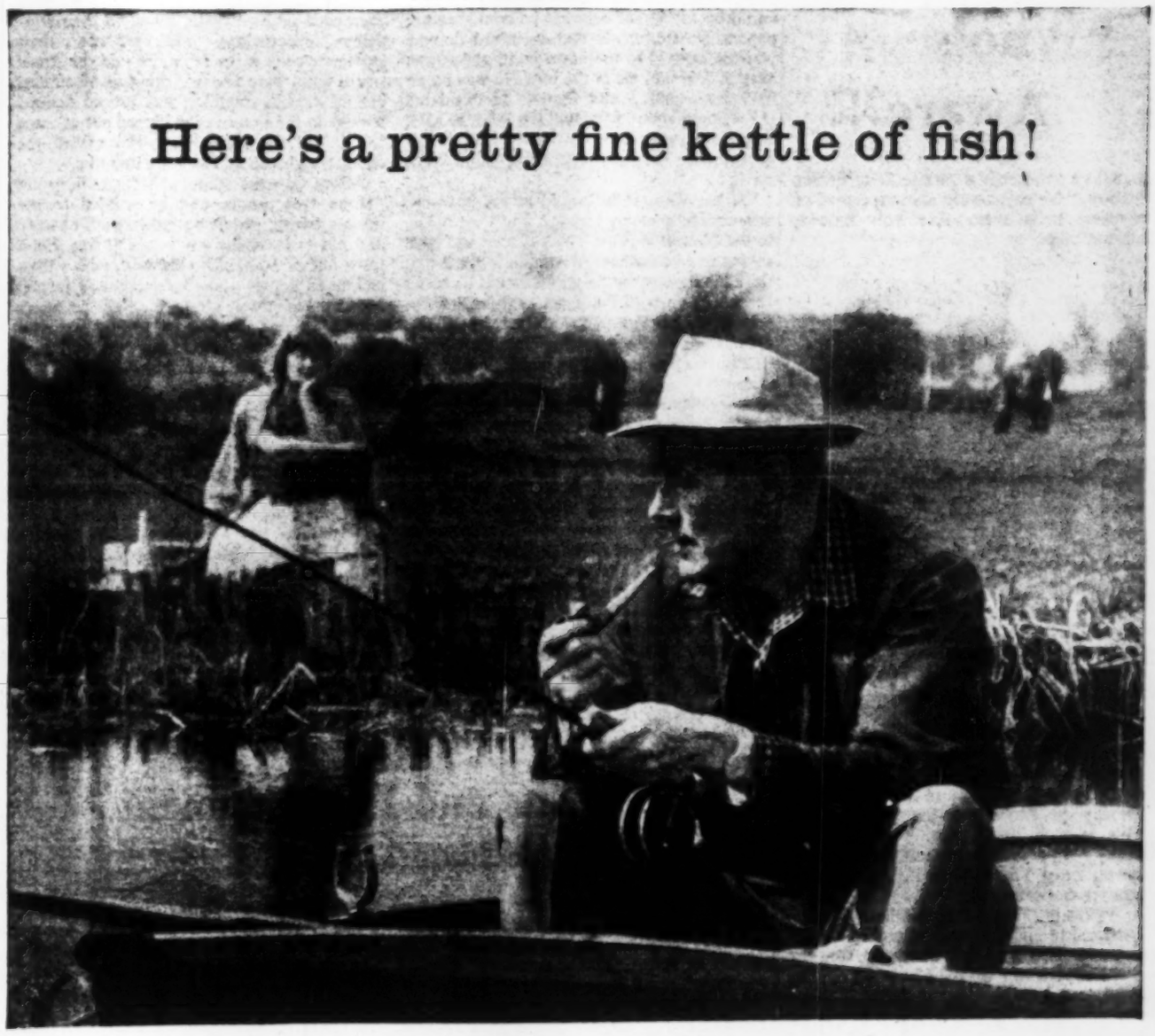
Our Kumpit was bigger than most. I was shown where I was to sleep – on a broad, mat-covered bench in the covered steering hatch that the captain's family had given up for me. The lavatory was a small hut built out from one side of the deck, so that you stepped on planks over nothingness and there was a final hole straight down into the sea. It was very clean, but rocked alarmingly. The kitchen was another hut built out over the sea, and the cook had a small open fireplace there. He was also the ship's laundryman, and when I got on to the boat there was already a line of white washing stretched from the kitchen to the steering hatch. Officially the boat was carrying sacks and dried fish - the sacks were for packing its return cargo of Philippine copra. Unofficially I do not know what we had, but several parcels were hustled on board at the last minute.

The captain was an elderly Chinese who did not speak English, but shook all over with laughing every time he saw me. He had not wanted to take any money for my passage, because the Canadian was his friend, and because he was so amused at the thought of carrying me. He said I could help some of the younger members of the crew to practise their English.

Most of the crew were young and ambitious, Philippine-born relatives of the captain. They asked a lot of questions – all the usual ones. Whether my parents were alive, and how many brothers and sisters I had? Was I married, and why wasn't I married? What did I do and what did I earn? How many years had I studied to become a reporter, and how much did it cost? How many degrees did I have? Several of the crew wanted to take degrees, and one of them showed me the book he said he was studying at the moment. It was *How to Make Friends and Influence People.* He had, he said, almost saved the fees he needed to pay his way through college in Manila when the police had stepped in and confiscated all his money. He had been working hard at smuggling, and he complained that, because of the police, he would have to start saving all over again.

Towards evening we anchored in the bay of a small, very green island. The crew told me that the weather was against us, and it might take nearer a week than two days to get to the Philippines. This was depressing, partly because I found the crew's constant questioning exhausting, and also I had not enough books with me to last a week. But after supper we all bathed in the bay, diving off the Kumpit deck and I felt better. While we were bathing a Philippine naval boat came into the harbour, and the crew joined us in

Here's a pretty fine kettle of fish!



Fine thing when a chap can't go fishing without seeing black looks—and being in black books. In turn, nobody could blame his wife for wanting to go her own sweet way to town! What they really need of course is a second Ford. If Rosemary had a Popular all to herself she'd have her full share of style and comfort . . . could see the kids to school, herself to hair-do's—and wherever else she wants to go. And he could take the Zodiac and never leave her high and dry! Two-Ford freedom: it's the sensible, peace-making answer for families with minds of their own and budgets to balance. And with the penny-saving Popular, it's the answer to those who wrongly think that running two cars is an expensive proposition.

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"Who's Aware?"

. . . asks a speaker in a certain Jules Feiffer cartoon. "We're aware!" shout a crowd of knowing little men. Are you indeed, fellows? . . .

Mashing day by day through a flurry of newspaper pages, I find I am *always* missing points I would rather have got, reading things I would far rather have missed. The haystack searcher can at least use a magnet . . .

However, the thing became less of a burden to me once The Observer started The Week—which, as you very likely know, is a whole page feature devoted every Sunday to Monday-to-Saturday's news. This is a brilliant idea. Without it, a Sunday paper is like a man who only wakes up on Leap Years. With it, hard-pressed readers can catch up.

"Edited", it says, "by William Clark." I wanted to find out more about W. Clark, the man who does this discriminating for me. I've seen him on the screen, of course, calm, complete, omni-competent. I know the sound of his voice. But what is he really like?

As a result of exhaustive enquiries I can now disclose that behind that solidity of build and manner—he is surely a natural William, not a Bill—there is a self-mocking wit and a decidedly playful temperament. That he is 43. A Northumbrian, from the Border town of Haltwhistle. Also that his friendships range as far and wide as his knowledge and activities—he seems to know every interesting person in the world except me.

Six-day Digestive

Oh well, who cares? I shall resign myself to giving him an occasional curt nod on T.V., and settle down to read The Week. (At least I know where to find that. It's always in The Observer's Weekend Review).

And if you take my tip, you'll do the same. You'll be surprised how much it gives you that you missed before . . . how even a few days' perspective helps the view and stimulates mental digestion. Invaluable, if you're just back from a holiday!

J.B.L.

the water. One of them, in a pair of swimming trunks with 'Hawaii' embroidered on them, swam up to me and asked if he could see my papers. He trod water and explained that he was the captain of the naval boat, and it was very odd to find me in the bay. He was on an anti-piracy patrol, and I think he wondered if I was smuggling anything. His boat, he said, would be in Hola in 24 hours, and if my papers were properly in order, I could come on it.

On the Kumpit he looked at my passport, very carefully at my luggage, and then talked to the Chinese captain. The boy who had been saving to go to college in Manila told me that the Chinese captain thought it would be better for me to go with the naval boat, as perhaps even in a week they still would not reach Hola if the storm that was coming from the Celebes finally reached them. The naval captain said I could have his cabin on the boat, and he would tell me about pirates.

The Philippine naval boat was very comfortable, and very full of tidily arranged equipment like one of those children's toys where everything has to go in exactly its right place if the box is to close. We had squids in tomato sauce and Coca-cola for breakfast; and later in the morning somebody played a guitar, and we sat on deck in the sun. The captain said that naval patrols were gradually getting rid of the pirates. They had been worst just after the Philippines and Indonesia became independent, and before there was much local administration anywhere outside Manila and Java. The difficulty was that most of the pirates were also, in their everyday lives, fishermen and traders too; so all they had to do when their boats were searched was to throw their weapons overboard or hide them, revert to their legitimate occupations and produce their legitimate papers. In Hola, he said, he knew where there were several housefuls of pirates, but as soon as anything was proved against anyone in the houses they slipped out of town and joined the local Huks who raided the country right up to the town suburbs.

Before we went ashore at Hola, the captain put on two pistols, and he pointed to the notices telling people to 'beware of bandits' and not to leave the city limits. It was like a town out of a Spanish wild west, with white-columned houses and churches round formal squares, but pistols strapped to all the men's waists. The townspeople drove very fast over bumpy mud roads on bucking jeeps, and most of them wore picture shirts, of the kind that are made in Hongkong.

In the evening I flew to Manila, and, because the captain had insisted that I must get my visa properly stamped, I went to the immigration department there. There was a reporter in the waiting hall, and the next day there was a cross paragraph and a strong editorial about the Philippine navy's helping 'alleged British journalists' in areas that were full of pirates and smugglers. I was very worried, because of the Philippine naval captain and the Kumpit people. Also because I did not like being called 'alleged.' But the next day I had lunch with the newspaper editor. He said to my hosts afterwards that he thought I was rather silly, but not a smuggler or a pirate.

LOIS MITCHISON

The Arts and Entertainment

Aldeburgh's Dream

A CORNER of Shakespeare's Empire has undergone a subtle change. It has not been ruthlessly invaded, it has not even been quietly exploited. But for those who were at Aldeburgh on 11 June, and for those who will follow them to Britten's new opera in the months and years to come, Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* will never be quite the same again. The sovereignty of *Othello* or *The Merry Wives of Windsor* was not left in dispute by Verdi: one can read both plays without the words becoming confused with remembered music. But in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* Britten and Peter Pears have left Shakespeare's lines intact, and have brilliantly fashioned a libretto with scissors and paste. The essence of the music at its best becomes one with the essence of the poetry, and the inner ear does not forget.

Britten has committed himself to all the complexity of Shakespeare's imagery, and for a composer who focuses so precisely on the verbal image, it was a formidable assignment. Auden once remarked that even in Hofmannsthal's *Rosenkavalier* there is perhaps too much poetry for a composer, and in a wise simplification he said,

> the verses which the librettist writes are not addressed to the public but are really a private letter to the composer. They have their moment of glory, the moment in which they suggest to him a certain melody; once that is over they are as expendable as infantry to a Chinese general.

The trouble with Shakespeare as a librettist is that every phrase is a 'letter'; and he is not expendable.

A Midsummer Night's Dream was composed very rapidly, and that I think was the only possible way for Britten, even though it has left certain traces of haste. To have considered the play in all its potentialities, to have sifted and analysed, to have consciously searched for the exact and worthy counterpart for the verbal image, and to have gone through all the agonies of multiple drafts – this could well have led to nothing but despair. If setting Shakespeare's text 'whole' is not downright impossible, then it is like diving from a great height into waters of unknown depth and violent cross-currents. It is better to shut one's eyes and trust one's unconscious reflexes.

Some of Britten's greatest incidental successes in the opera give exactly this impression of acute, unpremeditated awareness. Take for instance a time-dishonoured phrase such as 'The course of true love never did run smooth'. With centuries of misuse behind it, the phrase could be an almost fatal point of climax, musically and poetically. In Britten's setting it is re-formed, both within itself (by a caesura characteristic of so much of the word-setting) and within the structure of the verse. An unnecessary stress is avoided by making the melodic gesture subservient to a harmonic event, which in fact carries the real stress but is of much more than local significance. The detail is successfully merged in the design.

A very different but equally spontaneous stroke is reserved for 'I know a bank where the wild thyme grows'. The first six words are set to the beginning of a phrase that has

already been made thoroughly familiar. But in all good music a return to the expected can be the occasion for the most surprising innovation - and so it is here, for on the seventh word, 'wild', the melodic formula is interrupted, and with a single alteration of harmonic direction a whole new vista is opened up. In isolation the passage might seem unremarkable, but in the context of the whole act it seems to verge on some miracle of nature.

However, it would be very wrong to suggest that the opera shows no signs of conscious discipline or deep consideration. Whilst it is not as closely worked as *The Turn of the Screw* (which is a rather special case), it owes much to various types of formal and technical discipline. Since *The Turn of the Screw*, there have been two striking developments in Britten's music. The first has been a very marked paring down of the harmonic substance, with a consequent emphasis on 'line'. The second and related development has been the cautious but by no means tentative exploration of the twelve-note field. These tendencies are very apparent in the new opera. By various devices of ostinato or pedal the harmonic movement is often rendered very slow or even static, and the harmonies themselves are occasionally no more than the aggregate of notes in a motive. The work opens with a strange respiration of glissandi which gradually unveils a succession of major triads and open fifths whose roots form a complete twelve-note series. The second act opens with four mutually exclusive chords embracing all the twelve notes.

These chromaticisms, and the many events that derive from them, are of course firmly associated with a tonality, or at any rate a conflict of tonalities. The four chords of the second act finally give birth to an inspired setting of the Fairies' final chorus (in Shakespeare, a song for Puck) 'On the ground, Sleep sound'.

The inspiration here is quite distinct from that of, say 'I know a bank'. It is no effortless flowering, but a most soberly considered statement. It is another of those visions of a Golden Age which earlier moved Britten to write the magnificent final song of his Thomas Hardy *Winter Words* cycle. The coda of the Fairy chorus suggests even more strongly than the coda of the Hardy song that the Elysium in which 'Jack shall have Jill, Nought shall go ill' is very remote. 'How long?' cries Hardy – and the final bar of the Fairy chorus momentarily contradicts the major tonality with a most truthfully false relation, a fleeting minor inflection then passes into the unresolvable.

Passages like this – and there are many of them in the new opera – seem to me to have a much deeper resonance than anything in *The Turn of the Screw* or *Billy Budd*, although in some respects both those works are more consistent and more tautly composed. However, it is with them rather than the more straightforward works such as *Albert Herring* or gravely underrated *Gloriana* that the new opera must be compared. Despite its apparently popular appeal *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is perhaps the most esoteric and certainly the most problematic of Britten's operas to date. The snakes which infest Shakespeare's imagery may seem to be rendered harmless by the outwardly gay movement of the play, but Britten's music restores their fangs. By cutting and by musical characterisation, Oberon is shown to be a highly equivocal figure. The 'hateful fantasies' and 'vile things' which

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Oberon wishes on Titania mean no more and no less than his later avowals of amity. This, in more senses than one, is Billy Budd's Claggart drained of all blood, and freed of all moral consideration. For Oberon, beauty and ugliness, good and evil, love and hate, are mere coins to be used and exchanged according to whim. The choice of a counter-tenor for such a role brilliantly confirms the equivocacy of Oberon's 'unnatural' character, and dramatically compensates for the technical musical disadvantages. Whether intended or not, Britten's Oberon is a more grimly effective horror than the Peter Quint who called from the Tower and had no Puck to help him.

This is only one side of the opera and is not – or should not be – the most important. Much of the love music, and above all the elevated quartet of reawakening, make a powerful counterbalance to the negative influences in the opera. But as always with Shakespeare, it is not a matter simply of negative and positive, of black and white, but rather of a complex cross-current. In his willingness to plunge into this poetic maelstrom and in his ability to adapt himself to the most varied demands and tensions, Britten has found a new richness of invention. The quality and profusion of ideas in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is greater than in any of his earlier operas. Yet in the last resort the work is not the triumph it might have been, and as a finished work of art it has more than one superior amongst the earlier operas. I shall consider some possible reasons for this next week. Yet however flawed it may be, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is to my mind an achievement far beyond the capacity of any other living opera composer.

DAVID DREW

The York Cycle

CHAUCER and *Gawayne* excepted, the Mystery Plays are the finest things in medieval literature, and the York Cycle the most complete and impressive of those which survive. Every Corpus Christi Day from 1350 to 1572 the City Guilds acted out the 49 plays in the streets of the town. They started at dawn and took eight hours. Now, cut to about half that length, the cycle has been revived and forms the centre of the York festival. The concept is fine and the setting, the ruins of St Mary's Abbey, is perfect.

All praise then to the Festival for staging it. But the praise, alas, is limited by the production. The new director, David Giles, has done a minimal job: he has simply got the thing onto the stage; the drama is left to take care of itself. The York Cycle, of course, is an enormous undertaking: its theme is the creation and redemption of mankind and it ranges from Genesis to the Day of Judgment. But its manner is by no means as unrelievedly solemn as that sounds. The plays are popular not high art. In places they are immensely moving; they are also tough, warm and very funny. Very little of this comes over. The programme suggests piously that 'in view of the nature of the subject of the Plays, it is expected that the audience will not wish to applaud'. The audience duly took its cue and refrained also from laughing, despite the efforts of the three shepherds, boisterously led by Maurice Long, and an excellent, Charles Laughton-ish Pilate (Stanley Ratcliffe). Only Reginald Dench managed to be both serious and to touch the full, fallible humanity of his part; his Joseph was the outstanding performance of the evening.

David Giles, in fact, has produced the Cycle as the solemnest ritual. Well and good. But ritual means concentration, the concentration of religious feeling and belief. And if belief fails, dramatic technique must take over. The producer should have filled the vast, 30-yard stage with movement. If there had to be pauses, he should have filled them with music – particularly since, from what we heard of them, Frederick Marshall's arrangements were excellent. If he had crowds on the stage, he should have taken care of the detail and disillusioned them of that amateurs' belief, 'I am, therefore I act'. He should have told his professionals that just because the York Cycle is poetry it need not be rolled out like so much solemn elocution, delivered with meaningful glances and in statuesque poses. He should have cut down on the stage machines, as cumbersome and slow to work as something out of a medieval siege. He should have used instead the beautiful ruined windows of the setting. He should, in short, have done to the York Plays what Guthrie did to *The Thrie Estaites* at Edinburgh: produced them not as a pious occasion with civic overtones but as a great imaginative work of art.

To be fair, the second half was a great improvement on the first. In a sense, nature took over: the darkness cut down the stage to an area Mr Giles could manage, as large as his lighting made it. And Tom Criddle, who all through was moving and effective as Jesus, worked up to a tremendous climax in the trial, scourging and crucifixion. Kenneth Mellor's Breughel costumes were admirable. But if York becomes the international festival it promises to be, the Mystery Plays must be produced with professional skill and panache. After all, they are the reason for the whole affair.

A. ALVAREZ

Inside 'Chris'

HALF Fleet Street must have been watching television on Monday night, when the first of the *Deadline Midnight* series was shown on ITV; for Arthur Christiansen, fabulous ex-editor of the *Daily Express*, is script-adviser for the series and the boys would be wanting either to cheer him or to indulge in some mild *Schadenfreude* by faulting points of detail.

This series is the latest in which an attempt is made to put over, as from inside, the essence of a job or vocation of some public importance. *Emergency – Ward 10* and *Probation Officer* are the classic examples of this genre; and for some reason, though the BBC would probably give us – has, indeed, given us – an unbeatably excellent straight documentary about hospital work, the ITV producers and writers seem to have the knack of turning out these series in digestible half-hour or hour instalments which convey a plausible professional atmosphere and are, after all, less totally null in content and message than the average thriller or domestic situation comedy.

Deadline Midnight follows the pattern of *PO* rather than that of *Emergency*, in that each episode is to contain one rounded story; but, as in *Emergency*, some of the characters will become weekly familiars. They deserve to: the casting is first-rate (especially of Peter Vaughan as news-editor and Bruce Beeby and Jeremy Young as, respectively, the 'authoritative' and the cynical reporters), and that part of the programme for which Mr Christiansen

is, presumably, most directly responsible – the inside of the *Daily Globe* office – is admirably authentic in atmosphere and dialogue. Most authentic of all is the final anti-climax: the reporters return to the office after a hard and dangerous job – a crazy farmer resisting eviction has shot a man and threatens to kill himself, the senior reporter talks him into giving himself up – to pick up an early edition and find that their story has been cut down and knocked off the front page by the international situation, by another 'human' story, and by the office lawyers.

There are clearly possibilities in this series, but 'Chris' and his new friends will have to smarten up the future instalments considerably. The production was, here and there, surprisingly tatty: the farmhouse looked like a crude model, the *Globe* man 'phoned his scoops from the pub's only telephone, in a crowded bar, and, though the place was thick with reporters, none of them queued to elbow him away. The script had its dull, thin patches, and they were not relieved by the excruciating background music, by turns melodramatic and sentimental.

The tricky subject of journalistic ethics did not obtrude itself much. We learned that the boss of the *Globe* is 'dedicated' to fighting for the underdog, not circulation-wise only. (H'm.) As the cynical reporter said to the news-editor: 'You don't have to take it seriously?' News-editor: 'You don't have to, but I do'. (H'm, again.) A casuist could certainly argue that the reporter was justified in coaxing the would-be suicide into surrender by saying 'I think they might' when asked if his employers would still be interested in the story, and in backing him, when the man came out of jail; and casuistry is an essential art in Fleet Street.

Perhaps one shouldn't judge *Deadline Midnight* by this first go. It wasn't meant to be the first: they had, by an astonishing oversight, prepared a first episode lasting 60 minutes. The right length was 55 minutes: they'd forgotten the commercials! This is the kind of shattering oversight that might be discovered, almost any midnight, in any *Globe* office.

TOM DRIBERG

Report on Planning

ONE conclusion to be drawn from the papers on 'Rebuilding Our Cities', presented to the British Architects' Conference in Manchester this week, is that 13 years after the passing of the Town and Country Planning Act we are about to witness a social and architectural catastrophe, unless something is done.

Those who are disturbed, or even appalled, by the post-war failure to seize most of the opportunities for imaginative city design may wonder why these papers concentrated so little on the future of architecture, and so much on the machinery of planning. The answer was given by Arthur Ling, the City Architect of Coventry, who said that legal, procedural and financial circumstances make it impossible for architects and planners to achieve revolutionary, but essential, technical solutions.

The Town and Country Planning Act of 1947 was based on the assumption that the initiative would be with the local authorities, which were to be helped with grants for comprehensive development, housing subsidies, and cheap land. Today, however, the initiative has passed to the private developers, who command the resources of the banks and the insurance and property companies. The local authorities have lost the grants and subsidies and have to buy land at market value.

The private developer is inevitably concerned to make a profit. He picks the plum sites, and concentrates on the most profitable uses, mainly offices and shops. He is not interested in redeveloping the vast areas of blighted housing and industrial land, and is generally incapable of acquiring large enough sites to reorganise the road and traffic systems. He can only be expected to make a very limited contribution to public services and amenities, in which there is no profit. He often has no permanent interest in the site.

The result, as Arthur Ling put it, is that we are renewing buildings, but not towns:

> There is no drastic reshaping to meet the social and technical problems of the next 100 years. We seem unable to catch up with the present, and there is certainly no allowance for the future.

At the same time the restoration of the free market in land is having repercussions the government does not seem to have foreseen. The dizzy heights of land prices are forcing people further and further out in search of cheap land, and encouraging the spec builders to clamour for buildings on the green belts. If more offices are to be built in the suburbs, served by motorways and electric railways, the net effect can only be to extend the range of the commuters, and to thrust the sprawling conurbations still further into the countryside. Hence the architects' insistence on planned reconstruction in the cities, both the centres and the decaying middle rings, and on new towns and cities which, as Hugh Wilson suggested, should be research laboratories to find the solutions to contemporary urban problems.

The architects, who are often accused of arrogance, confessed to a modest awareness of their own shortcomings; and the three principal speakers were agreed on the desperate shortage of skilled architect-planners. Town planning has been so much more restrictive than creative that it has lost much of its appeal for architects, the profession most vitally concerned with urban design.

The best architect in the world can do no more than make the best of a bad job if instructed by a client to extract the maximum lettable floor space at minimum cost, from a cramped and unsuitable site with a frontage on a narrow street, where separate sites are being developed piecemeal over a period of years, where planning authorities have no comprehensive design for the solution of the basic planning problems, where the Ministry of Transport is unwilling to finance a major re-organisation of the street pattern, where no grants are available for comprehensive development, and where the local authorities lack the resources or even the will to introduce essential public improvements.

That is why the architects are now thrusting the primary responsibility back to the government. Just how land ownership can be unified, the tiger of private development can be tamed, private resources be allied to public, research organised, competing Ministries co-ordinated, and a massive injection of money and leadership put into the planning machine – these are political questions, which the politicians can solve and the architects cannot. But unless they are solved, the affluent city will be choked nearly to death by a surfeit of motor cars, and the affluent countryside overrun by a flood of bungalows.

MALCOLM MACEWEN

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HODDER AND STOUGHTON

Different Skies

FROM South Bank to the West End is, so far as films are concerned, a longish step. Two years at least have elapsed since Andrzej Wajda's *A Generation* first made its impact, since then *Kanal* and *Ashes and Diamonds* have been brought to the general public (*Kanal* came up at the beginning of the week at the Chelsea Classic), while *A Generation*, with which we should have started, only now reaches the Academy. This is a pity for more reasons than one. It gives a back-to-front idea of Wajda; and he is a director who has changed – some say not for the better. Again his film-making has been closely interwound with contemporary history, more so than the work of any other director; so that in this new film we go back to the beginning, to Warsaw under the Nazis. For anyone who had not seen the film before it would be rather like encountering Part I of *Ivan the Terrible* long after Part II had grown familiar.

The picture of Warsaw cutting into the nerves like a newsreel has none of the artificialities or poeticisms which enlarge but perhaps estrange his later films. The background is so tremendous that it's no longer background; an endless tracking shot introduces us to the shacks on the rubble waste, muffled men, youths playing at a game pitching a knife into a sawn-off trunk. People stand silently below a line of hanged men, or march away with spades to dig their own graves; the sun never shines; curfew descends; the sky's black with the ghetto burning. But by this time youth has learnt to murder its enemy, and then to accept the disciplines of civilian warfare, plan rescues, suffer death or capture. This movement is Communist and on quite another layer from the older underground movement, indeed by instinct opposed to it. Youth has dreadfully grown up; but the odd thing is that it has found itself, even with flashes of joy, in the process. One of the most striking adventures under terror is the rescue of half-a-dozen Jews from cremation in the ghetto. To effect this the youth band have to steal a van; they fling off crates as they drive away; out of the crates come geese; the street is posted with complaining geese. It is a spree in deadly earnest. At the end a survivor's spasm of grief is banished by the password, the wondering looks of fresh youngsters to take the place of the old. *A Generation* is deep-rooted in a way that makes, say, *Open City* seem casually pitying. I don't know that in this sense Wajda may be said to have advanced since. Certainly he was to learn to organise more, to explore the falsities and perversities inherent in patriotism, to question political bigotry. But the impulse was strong and clear at the start. By the way, that new hope for the British cartoon film, *Polygamous Polonius* is retained at the Academy.

The Unforgiven (Leicester Square) may seem an unpromising title for a Western, and overloading makes this John Huston film stagey and dull. The remote homestead with a changeling Indian girl grown up and now claimed with warlike threats by a marauding band invites the Lyceum touch and duly gets it. One mother with a dead son screams against this 'red nigger' in the midst; another valiantly screams back; a mysterious mad hunter drops hints out of the dust cloud and rides off waving a sword. Burt Lancaster, Audrey Hepburn, Lillian Gish and Charles Bickford do the heavy with some relish. But it's wearisome; and then the variations of horse-breaking, a grand piano in the desert, cactus silhouettes, bucolic wooing, cows on the roof, and Indians at the door rarely seem to get beyond good stage management. There remains the landscape deserving more, burnt brown under an intense blue.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Selected Exhibitions

MARY MARTIN and KENNETH MARTIN (ICA): Reliefs by Mrs, mobiles by Mr, constructed with geometric forms. The mobiles aren't seen to advantage here. They need a more controlled kind of lighting than this gallery provides, and there seem to be too many or too few of them. I suspect that they need to be seen either singly or crowded together, but not tastefully distributed. Mary Martin goes from strength to strength, and these reliefs are in a class with those of Ben Nicholson and Victor Pasmore. It is astonishing how eloquent they are in both form and colour, how full of mystery they are. The rectilinear ones are among the few works of their kind which somehow can't possibly be mistaken for architectural projects. And the two little *Pierced reliefs* have something of the sort of precious, obliquely erotic, poetry of those diminutive three-dimensional collages in glass cases which the surrealists used to construct – only, in this case the poetry is there without the help of the associations attaching to fragments of life, and this makes them all the more mysterious. Quiet as it is, her work has a power to surprise; its proportions come from the imagination.

GERARD FRANKL (Reid): An embarrassing reminder of our unreadiness to give immigrant artists their due. Frankl arrived here from Austria as an established painter in his late thirties 22 years ago; this is the first exhibition he has had here. Yet his work is about that intimate communion with nature which is supposed to be so dear to us. He is showing landscapes, done in a mixed technique, pastel with gouache, from two series, one of the Alps, the other of London as if seen from an attic window. They are not transcriptions but evocations, and I feel that many of the Alpine pictures are too evocative, too little particularised, with a tendency to dissolve into an impressive haze. It's true that within the haze there is a firm structure, but its impact is negated by the expectedness of the forms – a product of excessively generalised feeling. The exceptions are a picture of Silvretta and two of the Dolomites which have the same kind of distinction as the London paintings. This is that they combine (in a way obviously suggested by late Cézanne, but with a more overt romanticism) stability of structure with a sense of the fluidity of the process of perceiving that structure. The forms vibrate, conveying the evanescence of sensations, but at the same time they are firmly organised in space.

DAVID SYLVESTER

The Play of Daniel, at Westminster Abbey

The New York Pro Musica Antiqua's production of the *Play of Daniel* is an artistic triumph of the first order. One would have imagined that the chances of making a successful version of the twelfth-century composition by the students of the Abbey of Beauvais were extremely slender. But no greater compliment can be paid to the Rev Rembert Weakland OSB, and the American and English producers, Lincoln Kirstein and E. Martin Browne, than to say that there is no

need to question the musicological authenticity of their work. The play of Daniel makes a direct and spontaneous dramatic effect, by its variety and colour, by the speed of its action and above all, the essential theatrical element of surprise. The awe-inspiring arrival of Darius, the handling of the plot against Daniel, the Angel raising Habbakuk by a lock of his grey hair, and of course the fire-eater are all memorable moments in a vivid production. The orchestra is not handled as a static ensemble, but moves about with the actors. Each character of the drama is associated with a particular player, who follows him. W. H. Auden's narration successfully eliminates the need for a programme synopsis. The standard of playing, singing and acting of the American ensemble directed by Noah Greenberg is extremely good. Daniel will not return to London, but may be seen in July and August at St Albans, King's Lynn and Dartington Hall.

A.G.

The Sleeping Beauty, at Covent Garden

It seems a little mean to complain of Oliver Messel's scenery and costumes for *The Sleeping Beauty*, which has just been refurbished at Covent Garden, for the effect of the whole décor is still magical and magnificent. The various new costumes are cruder than the old ones, but they are not out of key, and I do not expect to see a better production, though I liked the original best. Ninette de Valois has the understanding and ability to give us the classical ballets in perfect style. The more serious problem in such ballets at present is dancers. There are not enough ballerinas with star quality in the Royal Ballet to cover all the solo parts. Last Friday Nadia Nerina and Maryon Lane were the only two who were really able to add something individual to the classical roles. The post-graduate education of a ballerina is a tricky business, and much depends on the way she is handled by her bosses – the choreographers and directors. At this stage, when the technical problems of dancing are more or less mastered, the personality must be developed, assuming that there is not enough, which, with our inhibited race, is almost always so. We have too many ballerinas like nicely brought up dolls. But as Princess Aurora, Nadia Nerina makes up for the weaknesses of her fairy godmothers. Her inhibitions have gone: she is gloriously unselfconscious and alive. We know from the start that she is a princess with a great future.

A. F.

Chicken Soup With Barley, at the Royal Court

It is not surprising that when *Chicken Soup With Barley* was first produced at Coventry's Belgrade Theatre most critics failed to spot the talent that was later to blossom into *Roots*. Standing alone the play is far from satisfactory. Nevertheless one can only be grateful to the English Stage Company for their courage in staging the complete Arnold Wesker trilogy at the Royal Court Theatre, where the three plays are being presented in three short consecutive runs, and then on three consecutive nights.

In this first play Arnold Wesker, who is too young to have experienced at first hand the Communist euphoria of the Thirties, has made an impressively imaginative attempt to recreate it in order to give a relevant context to the far less simple alignment of the Fifties. In doing so he has made the basic dramatic mistake of confusing the particular (personal) issues with the general (social) ones, which is possible in a novel but fatal on the stage. As Clifford Odets realised, 'realism' in the theatre fails as soon as it comes too near 'reality': even realist art must impose a selected pattern on the baffling complexities of life. Thus this valiant and intelligent play falls away disastrously from the clear outlines of the first act into a morass of conflicting statements, none of which stands up to close examination. But only a really stimulating play invites such criticism.

J. B.

(A. Alvarez will write about the trilogy as a whole in a later issue.)

Correspondence

LABOUR AND THE UNIONS

SIR, – May I comment on your special correspondent's suggestion that Martin Harrison's *Trade Unions and the Labour Party Since 1945* undermines my own analysis of the power structure of the Conservative and Labour parties? I have paid tribute elsewhere to the value of Harrison's work and am taking it fully into account, of course, in preparing a second edition of *British Political Parties*. But I am satisfied that it supplements and does not invalidate my own analysis.

When I came to write *British Political Parties* in the early 1950's, I found that the parties' own statements about their internal relationships were widely and uncritically accepted as accurate. Thus, according to Clement Attlee, all power in the Labour Party resided in the annual conference which 'issues instructions which must be carried out by the Executive, affiliated organisations and (the party's) representatives in parliament and on local authorities . . .' And the official Conservative position was that their leader bore sole responsibility for determining the party's policies.

If either party had operated on the principle to which it paid lip service it would have made nonsense of our system of Cabinet and parliamentary government. But in fact each party, when in office, gives absolute priority to the rules and conventions of that system; in practice therefore Labour governments have been subject to a one-man tyranny of the party leader. Indeed, during their periods of office, the power structure of the two parties has been very nearly identical. And, incidentally, because the Conservatives are so continuously in office, their parliamentary leaders, who normally constitute a Cabinet, acquire far greater prestige and authority within their party than do Labour leaders who spend most of their political lives in opposition. (Where Socialist parties do achieve long terms of office, as in Sweden for example, the Prime Minister and Cabinet also achieve notable ascendancy in their party's affairs.)

Out of office, the Conservative leader continues, in effect, to be 'Prime Minister of the Conservative Party' and is formally accorded far greater powers than is the Labour leader. But his authority still depends on his ability to carry with him his Shadow Cabinet, his parliamentary followers, and even, in the last analysis, the mass organization of his party. Balfour's position was undermined and destroyed by the insubordination of his parliamentary party in 1911 (after the Conservatives, like Labour in the 1950's, had suffered three successive electoral defeats). And Austen Chamberlain's overthrow in 1922 was due, in considerable part, to the outright rebellion of the mass organization of the Conservative Party against his scheme to form a permanent alliance with the Lloyd George Liberals.

The Labour leader in opposition is admittedly in a far more exposed position. But his position is not necessarily more insecure than that of the Conservative leader so long as he retains the co-operation of a reasonably united team of parliamentarians, and so long as they in turn can rely on a working alliance with a group of leading trade unionists who understand the need to protect the parliamentary party and its leaders against attempts to reduce them to the status of mouthpieces of the party conference.

I never for a moment was foolish enough to suggest that the *machinery* by which the ascendancy of Labour's parliamentary leaders was normally secured (while in opposition) was identical to that of the Conservative Party. Indeed, I wrote (*British Political Parties*, p 456): 'except on rare occasions the Conservatives can rely upon the deferential and almost docile attitude of their followers; while the Labour leaders, as long as they retain the confidence of a small group of leading figures in the trade union world, can be reasonably confident that no hostile

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majority will form against them within their mass organization.'

As recently as the period 1955-59, Gaitskell, then a prospective Prime Minister, saw one after another of the most spectacular rebels of yesterday make their peace with him; and so long as they acted as a reasonably cohesive team, they were able to secure conference support for new policies which were bitterly opposed by a great many of the party militants in the trade unions and the constituencies.

But during the past eight months (as in the battles of 1951-55) the parliamentary party has been bitterly divided and has ceased to act like a potential government. And in addition, due in part to the accident of the succession of certain new personalities in the trade union world, even the agreed policies of the parliamentary leaders may be repudiated by the party's mass organization, just as happened in the Conservative Party in 1922.

My only quarrel with Mr Harrison is that, like Mr Crossman, he appears to feel that the party constitution must be treated as sacrosanct. Is it really true that the 'party of progress and planning' is incapable of rationally re-examining its own structure?

ROBERT MCKENZIE

THE BUCHMANITES

SIR, – It is regrettable that Mr Driberg in his article on MRA was so taken up with fabricating a particular impression out of misrepresentations and insinuations that he had no space to quote and examine responsible statements about this ideology. This is presumably because his case could not be made out on such grounds.

For example, Mr Driberg obviously failed when he tried to get Archbishop Makarios to contradict Mr Zenon Rossides, his adviser and representative at the United Nations. In the MRA Pictorial, 'Men Must Choose' (January 1960) Mr Rossides is quoted as having said: 'If there is a case where the spirit of Moral Re-Armament has worked it is certainly the case of Cyprus. Indeed it is that spirit that has brought about a settlement – a settlement which seemed quite hopeless even by force.'

By saying that Archbishop Makarios 'was induced to sign a message of greetings', Mr Driberg seems to be implying that the Archbishop was under some kind of pressure to sign the message. Considering the record of the Archbishop's dealings with the Anglo-Saxon race one would think he would be the last person likely to succumb to pressure. In fact Archbishop Makarios has sent messages of greetings and good wishes to several MRA assemblies; and after the settlement last year he wrote to Dr Buchman: 'We need Moral Re-Armament now more than ever to make the Cyprus agreement work.'

Finally, I might add that the Vice-President of Cyprus, Dr Kutchuk, referring to Moral Re-Armament used the following words: 'I remind all that this ideology has played an important part in the Cyprus solution.'

R. G. CARPENTER
University Combination Room
The Old Schools, Cambridge

SIR, – Last week's issue of your journal would indicate that some of your readers, unlike Mr Driberg, have been taken in by the 'Christian' pretensions of MRA. I have read again the glossy pamphlet which was pushed through my letter box, and I cannot find the Christianity in it. I find in it only a passionate incitement to hate, and an appeal to love certain politicians whom I would otherwise have regarded as scoundrels. If I do these things I am then, according to their personal testimony, as Christian as Adenauer, Kishi and others.

But, as I am not a Christian, perhaps my respect for the doctrines of Christianity is founded on an erroneous idea that it is not a religion of hate. Perhaps some of your readers who are Christians could enlighten me on this.

S. KERRY
31 Harlech Road, N14

SIR, – As a Christian who is a trade unionist holding the offices of branch president, shop steward, and district committee delegate, perhaps you would allow me to reply to some of Mr Driberg's points on which I have experience.

First of all I know Frank Buchman and have met him a number of times over the past 14 or 15 years. My own impression and experience of him is that he is the most unselfish man I know. Certainly there is no trace of the Nazi or Fascist in his make-up. If confirmation were needed of this it is contained in the Gestapo report on MRA and the Oxford Group. Indeed this whole accusation of Nazi and Fascist tendencies comes oddly from those who seek cosy co-existence with the regime that stood aside and made a pact with the Nazis while this country was fighting for its life.

The principles of MRA which Tom Driberg seems to find so hard to swallow are the basis on which all Christian Socialists who are sincere should operate. The insinuation that Labour Party members and trade unionists who support MRA are an insignificant minority is not borne out by facts. My guess is that strong support for MRA from many loyal and devoted trade unionists and Socialists is the thing that is disturbing Tom Driberg.

Communism is not just a political theory, it is an ideology. To have an alternative ideology is not to reduce Christianity to a secular movement but to put it where it belongs, in the forefront of the battle to win men's minds and hearts to absolute moral standards and to accept God's direction as normal in the affairs of men.

The aim of MRA is new men, new nations, a new world. Tom Driberg should apply in his own life the Christian Socialism he professes.

T. A. FEATHER
51 Southgrove Road
Sheffield 10

THE CO-OPS

SIR, – A number of reports (including your own) of the Blackpool Congress of the Co-operative Union, give the impression that delegates had the choice between accepting or rejecting the recommendations of the Crosland-Gaitskell report. That is not the case. Both the accepted majority report and the rejected minority report departed from the precise recommendations of the independent commission. Nor does the rejection of the minority report mean that the movement intends to stand still. Two plans, alike in many respects, were before Congress. Each recommended considerable changes in co-operative structure and practice. Each called for the establishment of new advisory services for retail societies. Each involved the establishment of national chains.

It is entirely a matter of opinion whether or not the two wholesales are the right bodies to initiate national chains. Your correspondent is quite wrong, however, in supposing that the Co-operative Retail Development Division would have gone into the take-over business with power to buy up small chains. It would have taken the initiative in the promotion of chains, but these would not have been financed or operated by the division itself. Not even the proposals of the independent commission had gone so far as that. The chains, in any event, would have been financed mainly by the wholesales. Some of us felt that the structure proposed by the commission was not well conceived and that the management board proposed in the minority report was even less well conceived.

The management board proposed by the minority would have consisted of the chief officials, respectively, of the two wholesales, the Co-operative Insurance Society and the Co-operative Union, together with the general managers and deputy general managers of the proposed division. I am still wondering how such a body, having no single representative of the retail societies, would be more responsive to retail society opinion and demand than the committee structure approved by Congress.

Many who have spent a lifetime in the co-operative movement and are as eager for co-operative development as your correspondent, supported the majority report because they felt that it offered the best way of achieving the purposes of the authors both of the independent commission report and of the minority report.

J. BAILEY
Co-operative Party
54 Victoria Street, SW1

HOMOSEXUALITY

SIR, – I write in admiration of the courage of your correspondents (4 June) Roger Butler, Raymond Gregson and Robert G. Moorcroft.

I still, in these days of so-called enlightenment, come across incredible ignorance and therefore intolerance of inversion, and this becomes ironical if not tragic in the cases known to me of parents whose grown children are homosexual, these parents claiming that they have never met an invert, as though all homosexuals go about branded with some sort of identifying stigmata.

As long ago as the turn of the century Krafft-Ebing, when he was over 60, possessed the mental resilience and moral integrity to state publicly that his belief over many years that inversion was disease or degeneration had been proved false by his research and that it was in fact a biological anomaly; while Kinsey, 50 years later, concluded that 'it is difficult to maintain the view that psychosexual reactions between individuals of the same sex are rare and therefore abnormal or unnatural, or that they constitute within themselves evidence of neuroses or even psychoses . . . Homosexuality is an expression of capacities that are basic in the human animal.'

MICHAEL R. C. LAURIE-BECKETT
Broadway, Worcs.

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EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

SIR, – Perhaps Mr Walter Destefano would not be quite so 'excruciatingly' bored if he were faced with the possibility of two years imprisonment when he 'enjoys regular sexual frolics with his girl friend or wife' which he states the 'normal man' likes.

It is no more amusing to see heterosexual couples copulating in Hyde Park, than it is to see homosexuals engaged in what he calls 'mutual masturbation' in public conveniences. It has to be faced that these people are perhaps driven by environment and circumstances to have their 'frolics' in public places; the difference lies in the penalty if they are caught.

Next time Mr Destefano is having his 'frolic', or is overcome with his terrible boredom, perhaps he will remember that fact.

SYBIL MORRISON

6 Apollo Place
SW10

DEATH ON THE ROADS

SIR, – Chief Constable A. A. Muir (NEW STATESMAN, 11 June) wants 'to refuse to issue licences to anyone below professional standards' (of driving). How does he hope to distinguish between those below professional standards and the competent ones? How else but by a driving test, a sort of exam, with a certificate awarded or refused after it? But to depend on a pass-or-fail exam when what is wanted is lasting competence is to fall into the trap neatly pointed out in the same issue by Mr Mason in connection with the teaching profession. 'The best teacher I ever knew was a lady, now retired, who was quite "unqualified" . . .' Mr Muir does not explicitly ask for more tests, but for more professional driving instruction, as in the police schools. I should think there is pretty general agreement that those who make driving an important part of their profession – taxi-drivers, bus-drivers, drivers of milk lorries, professional police drivers – are on the whole much safer than everyday amateur drivers. But they are practising their profession on every working day, and they simply cannot afford to practise it badly. Can Mr Muir suggest a practical way to get non-professional up to this professional standard and keep them at it as presumably police drivers are kept at it?

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DORIS ESTCOURT

Amberley, Sussex

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The Athenæum
SW1

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Erskine Hill
NW11

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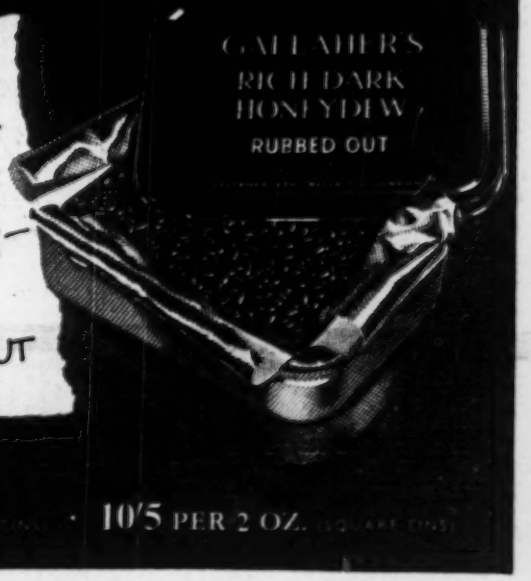

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majority will form against them within their mass organization.'

As recently as the period 1955-59, Gaitskell, then a prospective Prime Minister, saw one after another of the most spectacular rebels of yesterday make their peace with him; and so long as they acted as a reasonably cohesive team, they were able to secure conference support for new policies which were bitterly opposed by a great many of the party militants in the trade unions and the constituencies.

But during the past eight months (as in the battles of 1951-55) the parliamentary party has been bitterly divided and has ceased to act like a potential government. And in addition, due in part to the accident of the succession of certain new personalities in the trade union world, even the agreed policies of the parliamentary leaders may be repudiated by the party's mass organization, just as happened in the Conservative Party in 1922.

My only quarrel with Mr Harrison is that, like Mr Crossman, he appears to feel that the party constitution must be treated as sacrosanct. Is it really true that the 'party of progress and planning' is incapable of rationally re-examining its own structure?

ROBERT MCKENZIE

THE BUCHMANITES

SIR, – It is regrettable that Mr Driberg in his article on MRA was so taken up with fabricating a particular impression out of misrepresentations and insinuations that he had no space to quote and examine responsible statements about this ideology. This is presumably because his case could not be made out on such grounds.

For example, Mr Driberg obviously failed when he tried to get Archbishop Makarios to contradict Mr Zenon Rossides, his adviser and representative at the United Nations. In the MRA Pictorial, 'Men Must Choose' (January 1960) Mr Rossides is quoted as having said: 'If there is a case where the spirit of Moral Re-Armament has worked it is certainly the case of Cyprus. Indeed it is that spirit that has brought about a settlement – a settlement which seemed quite hopeless even by force.'

By saying that Archbishop Makarios 'was induced to sign a message of greetings', Mr Driberg seems to be implying that the Archbishop was under some kind of pressure to sign the message. Considering the record of the Archbishop's dealings with the Anglo-Saxon race one would think he would be the last person likely to succumb to pressure. In fact Archbishop Makarios has sent messages of greetings and good wishes to several MRA assemblies; and after the settlement last year he wrote to Dr Buchman: 'We need Moral Re-Armament now more than ever to make the Cyprus agreement work.'

Finally, I might add that the Vice-President of Cyprus, Dr Kutchuk, referring to Moral Re-Armament used the following words: 'I remind all that this ideology has played an important part in the Cyprus solution.'

R. G. CARPENTER

University Combination Room
The Old Schools, Cambridge

SIR, – Last week's issue of your journal would indicate that some of your readers, unlike Mr Driberg, have been taken in by the 'Christian' pretensions of MRA. I have read again the glossy pamphlet which was pushed through my letter box, and I cannot find the Christianity in it. I find in it only a passionate incitement to hate, and an appeal to love certain politicians whom I would otherwise have regarded as scoundrels. If I do these things I am then, according to their personal testimony, as Christian as Adenauer, Kishi and others.

But, as I am not a Christian, perhaps my respect for the doctrines of Christianity is founded on an erroneous idea that it is not a religion of hate. Perhaps some of your readers who are Christians could enlighten me on this.

S. KERRY

31 Harlech Road, N14

SIR, – As a Christian who is a trade unionist holding the offices of branch president, shop steward, and district committee delegate, perhaps you would allow me to reply to some of Mr Driberg's points on which I have experience.

First of all I know Frank Buchman and have met him a number of times over the past 14 or 15 years. My own impression and experience of him is that he is the most unselfish man I know. Certainly there is no trace of the Nazi or Fascist in his make-up. If confirmation were needed of this it is contained in the Gestapo report on MRA and the Oxford Group. Indeed this whole accusation of Nazi and Fascist tendencies comes oddly from those who seek cosy co-existence with the regime that stood aside and made a pact with the Nazis while this country was fighting for its life.

The principles of MRA which Tom Driberg seems to find so hard to swallow are the basis on which all Christian Socialists who are sincere should operate. The insinuation that Labour Party members and trade unionists who support MRA are an insignificant minority is not borne out by facts. My guess is that strong support for MRA from many loyal and devoted trade unionists and Socialists is the thing that is disturbing Tom Driberg.

Communism is not just a political theory, it is an ideology. To have an alternative ideology is not to reduce Christianity to a secular movement but to put it where it belongs, in the forefront of the battle to win men's minds and hearts to absolute moral standards and to accept God's direction as normal in the affairs of men.

The aim of MRA is new men, new nations, a new world. Tom Driberg should apply in his own life the Christian Socialism he professes.

T. A. FEATHER

51 Southgrove Road
Sheffield 10

THE CO-OPS

SIR, – A number of reports (including your own) of the Blackpool Congress of the Co-operative Union, give the impression that delegates had the choice between accepting or rejecting the recommendations of the Crosland-Gaitskell report. That is not the case. Both the accepted majority report and the rejected minority report departed from the precise recommendations of the independent commission. Nor does the rejection of the minority report mean that the movement intends to stand still. Two plans, alike in many respects, were before Congress. Each recommended considerable changes in co-operative structure and practice. Each called for the establishment of new advisory services for retail societies. Each involved the establishment of national chains.

It is entirely a matter of opinion whether or not the two wholesales are the right bodies to initiate national chains. Your correspondent is quite wrong, however, in supposing that the Co-operative Retail Development Division would have gone into the take-over business with power to buy up small chains. It would have taken the initiative in the promotion of chains, but these would not have been financed or operated by the division itself. Not even the proposals of the independent commission had gone so far as that. The chains, in any event, would have been financed mainly by the wholesales. Some of us felt that the structure proposed by the commission was not well conceived and that the management board proposed in the minority report was even less well conceived.

The management board proposed by the minority would have consisted of the chief officials, respectively, of the two wholesales, the Co-operative Insurance Society and the Co-operative Union, together with the general managers and deputy general managers of the proposed division. I am still wondering how such a body, having no single representative of the retail societies, would be more responsive to retail society opinion and demand than the committee structure approved by Congress.

Many who have spent a lifetime in the co-operative movement and are as eager for co-operative development as your correspondent, supported the majority report because they felt that it offered the best way of achieving the purposes of the authors both of the independent commission report and of the minority report.

J. BAILEY

Co-operative Party
54 Victoria Street, SW1

HOMOSEXUALITY

SIR, – I write in admiration of the courage of your correspondents (4 June) Roger Butler, Raymond Gregson and Robert G. Moorcroft.

I still, in these days of so-called enlightenment, come across incredible ignorance and therefore intolerance of inversion, and this becomes ironical if not tragic in the cases known to me of parents whose grown children are homosexual, these parents claiming that they have never met an invert, as though all homosexuals go about branded with some sort of identifying stigmata.

As long ago as the turn of the century Krafft-Ebing, when he was over 60, possessed the mental resilience and moral integrity to state publicly that his belief over many years that inversion was disease or degeneration had been proved false by his research and that it was in fact a biological anomaly; while Kinsey, 50 years later, concluded that 'it is difficult to maintain the view that psychosexual reactions between individuals of the same sex are rare and therefore abnormal or unnatural, or that they constitute within themselves evidence of neuroses or even psychoses . . . Homosexuality is an expression of capacities that are basic in the human animal.'

MICHAEL R. C. LAURIE-BECKETT

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Kenneth Young: 'Full of insight and character. New vistas on people and customs and beliefs are being opened up all the time.' (*Telegraph*)

Roy Perrot: 'It describes in an illuminating way the life of a Jewish community in England and the efforts of the rabbi to find a wife . . . often funny: an informative and satisfying book.' (*Guardian*). 18s.

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

SIR, – Perhaps Mr Walter Destefano would not be quite so 'excruciatingly' bored if he were faced with the possibility of two years imprisonment when he 'enjoys regular sexual frolics with his girl friend or wife' which he states the 'normal man' likes.

It is no more amusing to see heterosexual couples copulating in Hyde Park, than it is to see homosexuals engaged in what he calls 'mutual masturbation' in public conveniences. It has to be faced that these people are perhaps driven by environment and circumstances to have their 'frolics' in public places; the difference lies in the penalty if they are caught.

Next time Mr Destefano is having his 'frolic', or is overcome with his terrible boredom, perhaps he will remember that fact.

SYBIL MORRISON

6 Apollo Place
SW10

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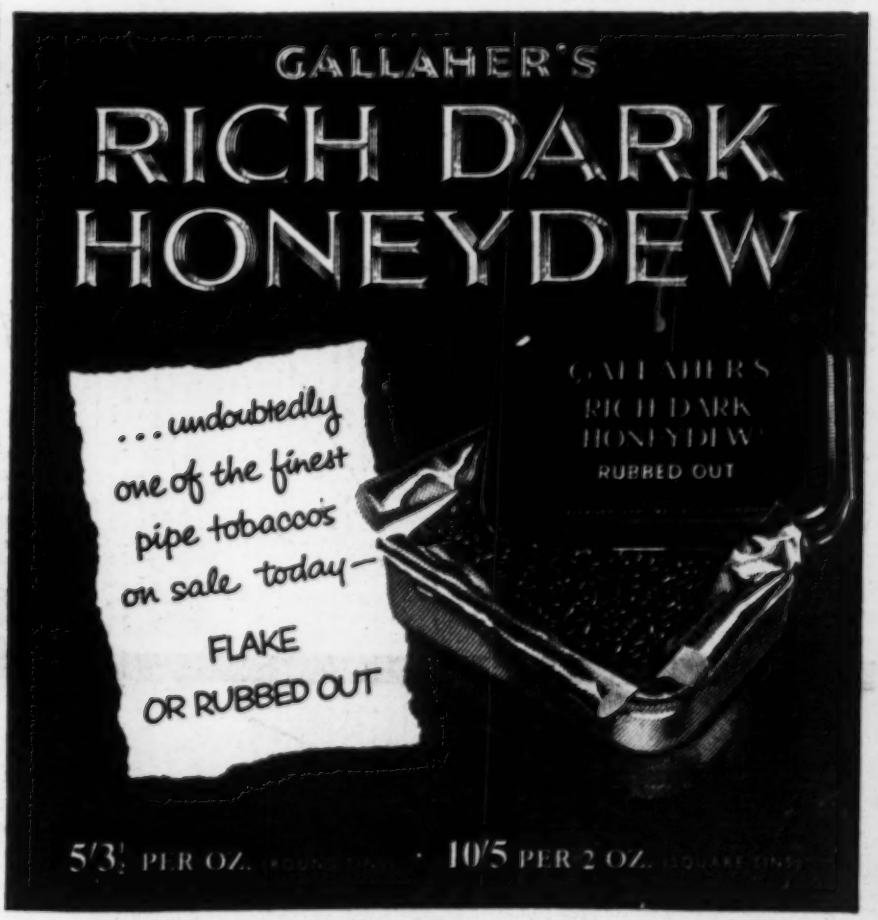

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How many years since some of us ourselves
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gently moving the sliding coil until
a tinny burst of Rose Marie brought
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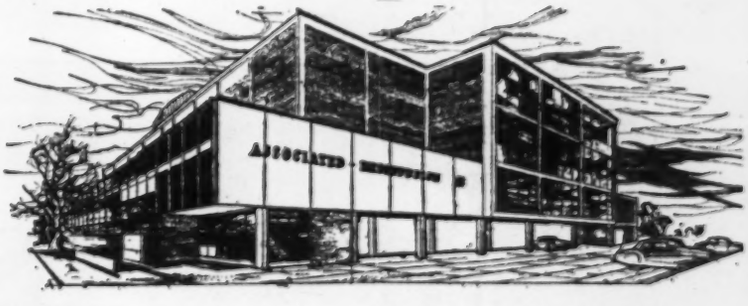

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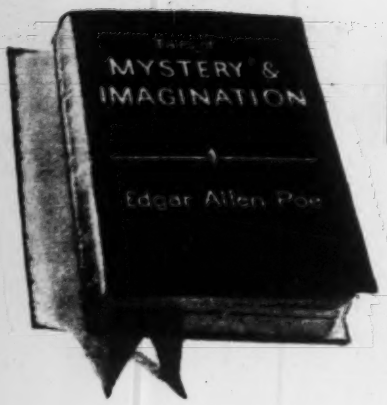

Laying the ghost

Reading to chill your spine and raise your hair is one thing: hearing sudden bumps and bangs and groans of anguish in your own home is another that will certainly follow if your wife trips over the Baskerville hound lying dog-eared in a corner or finds the House of Usher fallen in the middle of her housework. Then she's liable to forget exorcism by bell, book and candle and start turning your spectres out lock, stock and barrel—and no poltergeist could compete with that!

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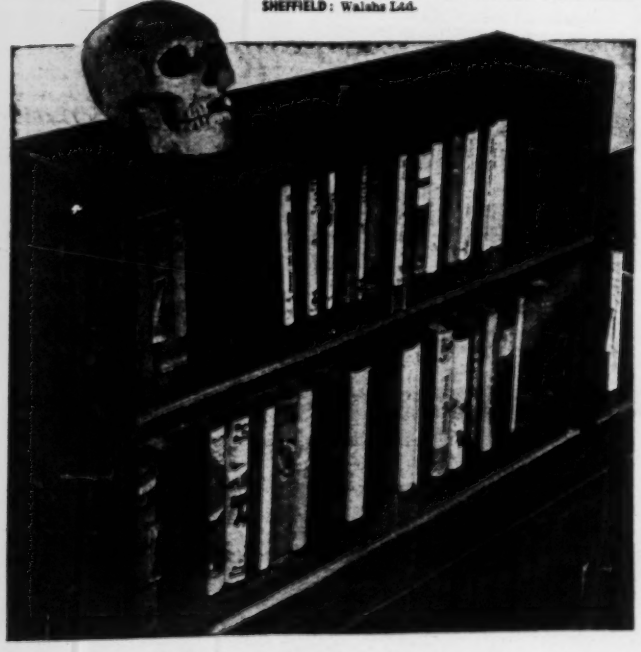

D. H. LAWRENCE

thirty years after

A new assessment of his life and work, in the light of today's "Lawrence Revival," by J. W. Lambert

Beginning next Sunday in the

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SUMMER BOOKS SUPPLEMENT

Sea and Sardinia Revisited

Two months ago I was standing in the warm darkness of medieval Sardinia, watching the midnight procession of *Venerdì santo*. Through the narrow, crippled streets, with many halts, the long files of villagers straggled forwards – the masked Christ in chains, with the great wooden Cross; the white-robed, faceless attendants, fearful and intent like blind monsters in their Ku-Klux-Klan headdress; the old women, hooded in black, each with a flutter candle, their prayers a ragged muttering, as impersonal and archetypal as their hollow cheeks and bowed black figures. It was no quaint, amiable tourist attraction: simply, this was Holy Week, and here in grim old Sardinia, girt by Saracens, the *cristiani* were mourning their dead God. Then next day, with friends, I met one of the same women. She was younger now: the black shawl was gone: she was dressed as any Roman matron. She spoke English. She listened to the BBC.

Modern Sardinia is full of such shocks for anyone who follows in the footsteps of D. H. Lawrence. But perhaps the biggest shock of all is to find how accurately *Sea and Sardinia* foreshadows them.

'Comes over one an absolute necessity to move.' After nearly 40 years, the opening words are as abrupt and compelling as ever. A travel-book writer might have been more ceremonious: 'Sardinia is one of the wildest, remotest part of Europe, with a strange people and a mysterious past of its own.' This too was D. H. Lawrence, introducing one of Grazia Deledda's vivid Sardinian novels. But *Sea and Sardinia* is no simple travel-book – nor even a 'summer book', in any sense of the term. Lawrence made his six-day journey into the heart of the island in February 1921; and his account of it, still palpably true to Sardinia and very revealing of Lawrence himself, is far more complex and sophisticated than its holiday title suggests.

Its complexity is apparent in the writing itself. Richard Aldington, commending it for newcomers to Lawrence, has asserted that here he 'cares nothing about writing for writing's sake.' True, the book reads like hasty travel jottings made each night on a rickety table in some hotel bedroom, recording the railway-carriage dramas – a sick child, a wife left stranded; the meal-time companions, 'swilkering' soup and talking politics; the psychological warfare waged by greedy waiters; the day's glimpses of a dour, wild, alien landscape. All of it is as fresh as this morning. It's a surprise to learn – and from Mr Aldington – that the book was actually written when the whole journey was over, and Lawrence was back in Taormina, without notes, and over a period of six weeks, five weeks longer than the trip itself. When *The Dial* first published some excerpts from it, and 'mauled it about' in doing so, Lawrence was depressed and annoyed. Clearly, therefore, the book was carefully pondered: its air of spontaneity was the deliberate product of art. An art not to be despised, either: to make photographs from memory, to give them the fullness of portraits – and to leave them looking like snapshots.

Lawrence's chillier critics have always been prepared to pay a degree of homage to his 'fitful and profound insights', in T. S. Eliot's phrase. *Sea and Sardinia* suggests that the 'fitfulness' was more controlled than it may seem. It also shows that the 'profundity' was of a different order from that with which Lawrence is often associated. Those of his readers who still regard him as a kind of inspired primitive may be tempted to assimilate him to the sun-and-wine-and-olives school of the literary Mediterranean, perpetuating the stereotype of the Latin – warm, unselfconscious, sexy, 'magnificently alive'. But the stereotype takes a hard knock in the first few pages of *Sea and Sardinia*. 'You would look in vain this morning for the swarthy feline southerner of romance.' Instead, the Messina train is full of clerks and tradesmen; 'each one thinks he is as handsome as Adonis and as "fetching" as Don Juan.' The pages that follow are repeatedly waspish about the Italians, complaining of their alleged smugness, greed, bounce, and – significantly – their being 'so terribly physically all over one another'. 'The whole world is a sort of bedroom to them. One shrinks, but in vain.' Evidently, Lawrence remained very much a stranger in Italy. Carlo Levi describes, amusedly, how a few people in Taormina still remember him as 'one of a large number of bizarre Englishmen who have pitched their tents in this eternal landscape.' 'Bizarre' is a strong word; but he certainly stood out – very English, a bit of a fusspot and sometimes rude, with his knapsack (a '*sacco militaire*' to the giggling Palermitans), his imperfect Italian, his horror of *calamari*, and his dislike of being blamed for England's diplomatic shortcomings.

Yet here, once again, the obvious conclusion is misleading. For it's Lawrence himself who provides us with this portrait. Isn't it likely that some at least of the 'Mediterranean' writers look just as ill at ease in their Arcadia – but write less honestly about it?

What is true of Lawrence's Italy applies also to his treatment of Sardinia. For him, as the boat drew in towards Cágliari harbour, the island seemed 'some vision, some memory, something that has passed away' – 'an uncaptured Sardinia.' 'It lies within the net of European civilisation, but it isn't landed yet.' The hard, vigorous Sardinians themselves he contrasted with Italians and Sicilians: 'tenderness, thank heaven, does not seem to be a Sardinian quality. Italy is so tender – like cooked macaroni . . .' The Sardinian peasants in their long stocking-caps struck his imagination – 'But there is a gulf between oneself and them.'

The gulf, and the complexity of Lawrence's response to it, can best be seen in one cardinal episode of the journey up the centre of the island, from Cágliari, through Mándas, Sórgono, and Núoro, and on to the port of what was then called Terranova. Sórgono, on the edge of Mount Gennargentu, looks magnificent at the end of the tiny railway line. Full of hopes, breathing primeval mysteries, Lawrence and Frieda seek the only inn – and find medieval squalor. A would-be country walk in the bitter cold takes them blundering into a lane that's also the communal latrine. Lawrence is disgusted, full of black fury. Back they go to the appalling inn. There, at last, a fire has been lit – a fire of oak roots in a great dark dungeon of a room with an earthen floor. Candle-less, they sit and stare into the fire; all Lawrence's anger has died out of him. An old man comes to roast a kid, skewered on a long spit, patiently, delicately turning it. 'It was as if time immemorial were toasting itself another meal.' Other figures join them, including a travelling huckster, the *girovago* Lawrence calls him: cocky, shifty, a bit of a mountebank, yet stirring in Lawrence an undercurrent of shared rebellion, the hint of a temptation towards homosexual love. Finally, they eat – and the carefully roast kid is spoiled and cold. As Lawrence and Frieda go to sleep in 'a cold, hard, flat bed with two cold, hard, flat blankets', they hear weird wild Sardinian voices, singing; and a cock crows all night. Next morning they leave on the modern motor bus, expertly driven round hairpin roads, on up into the mountains to Núoro, birthplace of Grazia Deledda.

Even a summary reveals some of the depths and subtleties of this extraordinary, brilliant chapter: the romantic *Sehnsucht*, the initial shock of really meeting the past, then penetration to a deeper level of consciousness; the realisation of its insufficiency; the return to the present, with greater understanding, a kind of rueful humour, and the hard high voices still echoing.

Lawrence, of course, doesn't spoil it by thus spelling it out. But it's multi-level perception and writing of this order that make *Sea and Sardinia* so representative of him – a genuine 'journey into the interior'. And it's the very complexity of his response, the tension between tempting myth and self-critical honesty, that make it still, and at the same time, a profound and truthful picture of Sardinia.

True, the island is changing: it was changing then. 'One cannot help wondering whether Sardinia will resist right through'

Sea and Sardinia is published by Heinemann in two editions at 12*s* 6*d* and 8*s* 6*d*.

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– elsewhere, Lawrence spoke of its 'being brought to heel'. A few years ago, an Italo-American voice telephoned me in Rome to invite me on a film junket in Sardinia: 'it's a movie about a li'l priest who had human weaknesses in dis same village where we're filming it.' The film, so far as I know, was never made; but Italian TV has lately been presenting Grazia Deledda's novels. New hotels and roads are appearing; a daily air service links Cágliari with Rome; and one former prime minister commutes at weekends. Fewer peasants wear costume; only the older men now seem to wear stocking caps. But Lawrence's Sardinia, and Deledda's, still lingers: some of the mountain villages that Lawrence passed through have scarcely changed in the last hundred years. His hotel in Cágliari is still open. Vacant tables in the restaurants still have an upturned plate in every place. In the villages, men still carry the striped saddlebags that fascinated Frieda: the women still cover the lower half of their faces. You can still drink the same dry *Malvagia* that consoled Lawrence in Mándas; and the same tiny trains still bustle along the single-track lines. The landscape is still dour and Cornish, but in the spring it has a herbal fragrance that Lawrence came too early to enjoy. And the Sardinians still retain the straightforwardness and austerity that make them the Scots of the Mediterranean. Lawrence's complex portrait was a true one – for the myth and the mystery are still a part of Sardinian reality. New flats may be going up near Grazia Deledda's old house in Núoro: but in the old grate of the kitchen the oak roots still burn.

RICHARD MAYNE

The Strayed Poet

LUDWIG WITTGENSTEIN

How salute you, Dubious Angel,
Proud as the proudest in the race of men,
Battler with the deadliest burden
Self can lay on thought to bind a spell.

How compel (what use else in excelling?)
How overcome (though not a trader's inch you'ld yield)
Hide (from yourself?) what well must be concealed;
Earn so a destiny awaits the telling.

Assume Yourself: your selves to duty cowing
By the great Act of vanity maintained,
That old presumption, now to reign unreined,
Without regard to what you're disallowing:

Round on round through the long decades of guessing
Wrestling a bosom Jacob who prevailed,
Got off with all the questions duly veiled,
Won out– new named – received the Blessing,

Prospered. His spiritual sons sit in our studies,
Teaching talkers commonsense, by screed,
How to cobble a problem when there's need.
Your scions fewer far – for all those 'bloody's.

* * *

Your voice and his I heard in those Non-Lectures,
– Hammock chairs sprawled skew-wise all about:
Moore in the armchair bent on writing it all out –
Each soul agog for any word of yours.

Few could long withstand your haggard beauty,
Disdainful lips, wide eyes bright-lit with scorn,
Furrowed brow, square smile sorrow-born,
World-abandoning devotion to your duty.

Such the torment felt, the daunted listeners
Watched and waited for the words to come,
Held and bit their breath while you were dumb,
Anguished, helpless, for the hidden prisoners.

Poke the fire again! Open the window!
Shut it! – patient pacing unavailing,
Barren the revelations on the ceiling –
Dash back again to agitate a cinder.

'Oh it's so clear! It's absolutely clear!'
Tense nerves crisp tenser then throughout the school;
Pencils are poised: *'Oh, I'm a bloody fool! A damn'd fool!'* – So: however it appear.

Not that the Master isn't pedagogic:
Thought-free brows grow pearly as they gaze;
Hearts bleed with him. But – should you want a blaze –
Try prompting! Who is the next will drop a brick?

Window re-opened, fire attack't again,
(Leave, O, leave what's out, long since, alone!)
Great calm; a sentence started; then the groan
Arrests the pencil leads. Round back to the refrain.

* * *

What withheld it, Will volcanic,
Riven eagle staring at the Sun?
Sight denied you? Blinded such an One?
What remained you but the drive Satanic?

WHAT MAY NOT BE SAID: you could not say it.
Let all language then turn to a game!
(Jacob, go gently, he's coming into aim.)
Worth the candle? No. Why now illuminate?

What the stakes though? Still siderial.
What there is: 'The World and Life are One.'
Shrivels or grows, together, all that's done.
Seeing: 'The Eye altering alters All.'

Blake's Eye, exact. But you in your *Tractatus:*
'The limits of my language mean the limits of my world.'
What sets our limits? How were you unfurled?
Where is the Rule assigns to us our status?

'The thinking . . . subject: there is no such thing.'
'Metaphysical I' instead: 'no part, but limit.'
'My world the world is.' They much more than fit;
Are one, not two: one single uttering.

I and *my* aren't here our current words,
Live in another language far from ours,
Hardly a language: limitless its powers.
Speech to that WORD – forget not – ill accords.

'Everything that can be said can be said clearly'
Maybe; with what strained sense for *clear* and *say*?
These other things that can't: themselves, must they
Be 'shown' – by whom and howsoever dearly?

Those picturing facts *Tractatus* wished at us:
Against the new Rules! Nothing to picture now!
No picturers, no pictures! Jacob, who would not bow,
Can now insist we take it from him thus.

Instead of mirroring – and, far less, comparing –
Let us observe the Rules – not ours to change!
Or are they? Why not think up a range
Of Rules for Rules: up, up . . . beyond all bearing?

Much turned on who among the YOUs you were.
Some YOUs, it seemed, had wider scope for play.
One YOU (he limped, that YOU), won *May*;
Others *May not*, for all their zeal and care.

Collector of Blessings, count your gains, earmark
The bleatings; Peniel recall. That face of God
Overcame you not, old trickster, though roughshod
He wrenched your hip, ford-haunting in the dark.

But now you hold the ford, let whom you list,
Pass on the word, taking his name in vain,
Taking the hairy hand, the mask of pain,
The wordlessness that can, so will, insist.

Insist? To whom? The faithful, few but fit;
Or found unfitted – ah, exposed at last,
Void echoers. Beware, poor paraphrast:
Say it *for* me, would you! That *I don't* permit.

Insisting still on what's so clear and sure,
Say as you may, all, all, must get it wrong:
'Not that at all! Good Heavens!' No words strong
Enough even to hint what you endure.

* * *

Above these little games a Game there plays
Takes note of 'airs' – has much to do with air
(Aeronautical engineers), with the impair,
And some invariants Plato's page displays.

Watching it mutely, an onlooker's neglect
Seemed wiser as well as safer. None could aid.
Much there was here would make the Elect afraid.
Eyes as deject as mine must be suspect.

Fallen to a game, alas, and in despair:
Too heady, too enthralling, such command?
Jacob be given up as a deodand.
Let it alone for ever, Prince of the Air.

I. A. RICHARDS

Bucolic Moralities

T. F. Powys. BY H. COOMBES. *Barrie & Rockliff.* 18*s.*

The trouble with Mr Coombes as a critic is that he claims altogether too much for his subject. For him, T. F. Powys's stature is not in doubt: he is 'an original genius, one of the great writers of the twentieth century.' In the light of Mr Coombes's enthusiasm, I have been rereading Powys. The experience was less rewarding than I had hoped. Mr Coombes is very cross with Dylan Thomas, who said in a broadcast, naming no names but plainly with T. F. Powys in mind:

> Everyone, in this sophisticatedly contrived bucolic morality, has his or her obsession: Minnie Wurzel wants only the vicar; the vicar,

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the Reverend Nut, wants only the ghost of William Cowper to come into his brown study and read him 'The Task'; the sexton wants the worms; worms want the vicar. Lambkins, on those impossible hills, frolic, gambol, and are sheepish under the all-seeing eye of Uncle Teapot, the Celestial Tinker. Cruel farmers persecute old cowherds called Crumpet, who talk, all day long, to cows; cows, tired of vaccine-talk in which they can have no part, gore, in a female manner, the aged relatives of cruel farmers . . .

It was, no question, naughty – to use what must have been his victim's favourite word – of the author of *Under Milk Wood* thus to burlesque Powys in a radio-script which probably seemed to him much more ephemeral than it was to do to his literary executors; but to my mind it comes uncommonly close to the mark. 'Sophisticatedly contrived bucolic morality' seems to me a fair description of the great bulk of Powys's work.

Indeed, Thomas's comic onslaught, taken merely as an indication of what is likely to happen in a Powys novel, errs on the side of moderation. It doesn't take in the horrors to be found, for example, in *Mr Tasker's Gods*. Mr Tasker's gods are his pigs, to which he feeds the dead body of his father, a formidable rapist. Long before this, Mr Tasker has acquired a dog:

> With the dog under the seat, Mr Tasker drove into his yard. He let down the back of his cart and kicked out the dog, chain and all. Daisy Tasker, aged five years, was watching her father's return, and was standing near. In a moment the enraged beast sprang upon her and mauled her face. Mr Tasker pulled his prize away and conveyed it to a tub, where, at his leisure, he tied it up. Meanwhile, his little girl, covered with blood, half mad with terror, lay screaming. She was at last carried in, and fainted. Mr Tasker went out to milk his cows.
>
> After milking, Mr Tasker, much against his will, sent for the doctor.
>
> 'You know what people will say, if she dies,' he told his wife.

On this wide streak of the horrific in Powys, Mr Coombes asks: 'Would any thoughtful person care to say that Powys, with all his violences, his depicted horrors of human behaviour, his "cynical" utterances, exaggerated?', and then goes on to quote 'dark' utterances from Bunyan and Conrad which presumably out-Powys Powys in pessimism. But this is surely to beg the critical question. The dark utterances of Bunyan and Conrad persuade us, and are indeed irrefutable, because of the quality of the writers' minds, a quality that is expressed in the very texture of their utterances. There is no comparable quality in Powys. His style has been much praised – Mr Coombes praises it; and he was, in the best sense, a most artful writer. But in the end, the tendency of his style, with its conscious echoes of the St James Bible, Bunyan and Jane Austen, its archaisms, its use of dialect, is to turn all to favour and to prettiness. At its worst, it is intolerably arch. And Powys's obsession with death goes hand in hand with sentimentality and with – not honest bawdry, but what seems to me a sly prurience.

There is, of course, one exception to all this: *Mr Weston's Good Wine*. Here Powys achieved a perfect balance of his gifts; he appears in it as the tight-rope walker who has walked on a single wire high above Niagara at last. It is a delightful book, and one is grateful for it. But it doesn't do to inflate it or its author's importance. 'By the side of Tolstoy, of Lawrence', says Mr Coombes, 'he is bound to appear restricted.' I'll say he is. And by the side of many lesser writers too.

WALTER ALLEN

Dear Abroad

All About the French Riviera. By PETER CHURCHILL. *Vista Books*. 18*s*.

Corsica: Columbus's Isle. By JOSEPH CHIARI. *Barrie & Rockliff*. 25*s*.

South from Toulouse. By ANDREW SHIRLEY. *Chatto & Windus*. 25*s*.

Paris. By JOHN RUSSELL. *Batsford*. 21*s*.

At the beginning of his second chapter Captain Churchill says to his readers: 'No doubt you have long said, "I really must have a holiday on the French Riviera, just to say I've been there".' This book is frankly written for the kind of person who says that kind of thing, and written in an appropriately jaunty style. It reads, as he himself realises, rather like a travel agent's brochure, except that none such was ever so thorough. Travellers of every type will find his information invaluable. His care for the minutest detail – such as that caravanners must beware of the effect of cobbled streets on nuts and bolts – reminds one of the resistance worker that he was, on whose preparedness hung life and death. When he gets his travellers to their destination, he takes them briskly through every single coastal place from Cassis to Menton, sticking strictly to practical details. Taken as the utilitarian guide-book that he intends it for, it is a most useful compilation.

When so many travel books are written by Englishmen merely pandering to a prevailing mode, it is refreshing to read one by someone who is not only a native of the country he describes, but also an ardent patriot. Mr Chiari is close kin to those who in dreams behold the Hebrides, and in more senses than one, for the only parallels he finds worthy of his Corsica and her people are in the Highlands of Scotland where he has spent many years. His burning pride in his island sometimes brings him out in a rash of adjectives, especially when he is describing her beauty; but as they are well-chosen adjectives one quickly catches the contagion and finds his excitement endearing. More to be criticised is the Corsicans' bitter traditional hatred of their old enemy, Genoa, that makes him devote nearly a quarter of the book to proving that Corsica and not Genoa was the birthplace of Columbus. This throws rather out of balance what is otherwise a very compact little work, with excellent summaries of the island's complicated history, vivid portraits of her great men, and a most perceptive description of the customs and character of her people, so like the Highlanders, so unlike the French. Let us hope with him that the tourists whom his book will surely draw to his island will not destroy the virtues of this proud, imaginative, reserved race.

'There is no point in describing what one has not enjoyed,' writes Mr Shirley in his introduction, and it is obvious throughout his book that he has stuck to this principle. Fortunately he enjoys a great many things and what is more, has the art to communicate that enjoyment in a pleasant, easy style. He sets the limits of his chosen territory carefully and has lingered long enough in every place he describes to have absorbed its peculiar atmosphere and grown into its past. One expects a biographer of Constable to take a special interest in art, and Mr Shirley writes with infectious enthusiasm of, among other riches, the Toulouse Lautrecs at Albi and the Ingres at Montauban. Architecture runs art close and he is especially good on the cathedral at Albi, the lovely capitals in the cloister

at Moissac, and the great houses of Toulouse and Montpellier. His account of the Catharist heresy, so essential to an understanding of the temper of the south-west of France, is excellent. He brings the beauty of the countryside to vivid life. He knows what he is eating and drinking, too, but writes of such matters without pretentiousness. He modestly claims to be merely an average tourist but he is clearly much more than that: a cultivated traveller whose book is so alive with quiet pleasure that it is hard to realise he did not live to see it published.

A slip of the tongue is a rare thing in a Frenchman, but I lately heard a distinguished lecturer refer to '*Monsieur Un Tel et son exquis urbanisme*'! He might have been trying to describe Mr Russell by this pleasing confusion, for in his enchanting *Paris* not only does he show himself to be urbane in the best senses of that word, but it is clear that one of the things that delight him most is the planning of those parts of Paris of which he writes. These, except for a chapter on the Ile de France, all lie within the gates. He deliberately omits the contents of museums, but gives much of his space to the history of the great buildings, both in terms of architecture and the life that was lived in them. One after another all these and the neighbourhoods around them spring to new life under his pen. Nor does he neglect the present day: in his chapter on the Marais he gives as much space to the special character of its pullulating artisan population now as he does to regret for the decay into which its past glories are being allowed to fall. One would have liked a bibliography of the sources from which he has drawn this rich amalgam of history – political, social and art – full of curious things one would like to quote. In any case he has made it all his own by his mastery of language. So few today can write English at all, let alone command a style, that it is a pleasure to read Mr Russell for the sake of that alone.

A last word on the illustrations in these books. The photographs in the first three attain the good level that one now expects. Some of Brassai's in *Paris* are superb.

ENID MCLEOD

Stages in a Producer's Progress

A Life in the Theatre. By TYRONE GUTHRIE. *Hamish Hamilton.* 25*s.*

The freelance always fills me with respectful admiration. How bold to risk one's all on the next lucky throw, to swerve out of the groove before it can become a rut! For the young, of course, it is comparatively easy – if there is no parental support, self-assurance will serve instead; and hostages to fortune, if any, will be unlucky. But after, say, 40, the comfortable arms of the established job beckon more alluringly, dangling modest but regular rewards for anyone with some reputation for enterprise or organising ability.

Tyrone Guthrie has been evading the sirens all his life. The BBC was the first, when in 1924, at the age of 23, he was put in charge of all programmes, other than music, from the new Northern Ireland station in Belfast. In the interval of convening bishops and headmasters, hiring professors and compering local comedians, he had to choose and produce broadcast plays; and discovered that, like J. B. Fagan producing the OUDS, he could make rehearsals 'go with a swing'. So

Anthony Powell

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BRETHREN OF THE COAST

By **C. LLOYD & P. KEMP.** "The voyages, looting, blood-shedding and gold-lust of Morgan, Kidd and other buccaneers of the South Seas. Told with zest, scholarship and assiduous digging at the treasures of the pirates' original maps and MSS." *Evening Standard. Illustrated,* 21s.

PROBLEMS OF ADOLESCENT GIRLS

By JAMES HEMMING. "The simplest, most sympathetic guide yet to the terrifying terrain which every child has to pass through. I would like to see it in the hands of every parent in the land." JILL BUTTERFIELD, *Daily Express. Illustrated,* 18s.

HEINEMANN

as soon as he saw the infant BBC becoming enmeshed in administrative coils, he felt it was time for a change, and took on the job of directing the Scottish National Players. Two years later, when family affairs obliged him to come to London, he found himself out of work. Forthwith he sat down and wrote a brilliant radio play, *The Squirrel's Cage*, and joined the BBC Drama Department. But again, after a few months, he was repelled by the prospect of becoming a 'supervised inmate' in an institution; and he launched out for good into the uncertain tides of the theatre.

So for 30 years or more he has been having the whale of a time, ranging from single productions like *Oedipus Rex* in Tel Aviv to long stints at the Old Vic before and during the war. With his lively intelligence and the perennial freshness of his sensibility he has been one of the most stimulating influences in the English theatre. *A Life in the Theatre* reflects the gusto that is always characteristic of his productions: obviously, in spite of all the inevitable frustrations, he has enjoyed himself immensely. But one is left with the feeling that the really satisfying experiences of his career have come, not from his successes in the commercial theatre, but from his association with institutions like the Stratford-Ontario foundation and the Old Vic, in work which, 'though not necessarily the best paid or the best publicised, you believe to be stimulating and useful.' Certainly his share in the creation of the Shakespeare Theatre at Stratford, Ontario, may prove a landmark in the history of the English-speaking theatre: not merely for the revolutionary principles of theatre design that it embodied, but still more for the fact that it re-established the theatre as a living organism in a large chunk of territory where only the mass-media were expected to survive.

Tyrone Guthrie describes *A Life in the Theatre* as a professional rather than a personal document. Some readers may complain that he plays down the back-stage hullabaloos that arise as often in the theatre as anywhere else; but, as Guthrie reasonably suggests, controversies that seem important now will be of little interest in a few years' time. So he is really very kind to everybody. There is no gossip-column malice, and the stories that he tells sound almost too hilarious to be true. The diversity of his theatrical activities inevitably makes the narrative rather scrappy. It flits from Israel to Finland, from Australia to Poland. But from time to time it finds anchorage in a chapter or a paragraph that sums up the conclusion that Guthrie has drawn from his experiences in the theatre. It is these passages in particular that give the book its value – the disquisition on the classics, for instance, as the only measuring rod by which to judge the stature of an actor, or the chapter on 'The Director', which is sensible, shrewd, and illuminating. And, because the writing has all the liveliness of Guthrie himself, it is far more fun than the usual run of theatrical memoirs.

DOUGLAS CLEVERDON

The Rules of the Game

Polls Apart. By DENYS SMITH. *Cohen & West.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Perhaps the most confusing feature of the American way of life, at least to the average English newspaper reader, is the American constitution – that hotch-potch of contradictions, which has contrived to work better for the last 170 years than any other constitution in the world. For although the British and American constitutions were both descended from the same common ancestor, no two cousins could be less alike. Even the differences between them are confusing: the similarities are more confusing still. But from now on, we shall have no excuse for being confused. In this book Mr Denys Smith, Washington correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, takes us on a conducted tour through the labyrinth of American politics, and if we fail to be enlightened the fault will surely be our own. The tour begins with a sensible analysis of the main differences between the office of prime minister and that of president. Next we are invited to inspect the American party system, and we are treated to a brisk history of its development. Three chapters describe the complex rituals of a presidential campaign, and there are chapters on the operations of pressure groups and on the working of Congress compared with that of the British parliament. The book ends with a brief discussion of American foreign policy. No one could have packed more lucid explanation into a shorter space.

But one cannot help wishing that Mr Smith had written a longer book, and put some flesh on the bones he has anatomised so well. Politics are a matter of feeling as well as of fact. To understand an alien political system, one needs imagination and sympathy as much as one needs knowledge – but imagination and sympathy are not to be acquired painlessly on a tour as short as Mr Smith's. Indeed, a book of this kind, superficially useful though it is, may in the end do more to harm understanding than to foster it. Mr Smith's readers will no doubt finish their tour smugly convinced that they know all that really needs to be known about American politics. In a way they will be right, for they will have learned the elementary facts. But at the same time, they will be sadly mistaken, for they will have caught almost nothing of the passion and excitement of American democracy in action.

This is only partly due to the shortness of the book. Mr Smith himself is also to blame, for in spite of his lucid style and occasional touches of wit, he writes in a curiously lifeless way without involving himself in his subject. American politics are depicted as a rather amusing game, whose rules differ in some odd and interesting ways from our own. But there is no hint of what the game is about; there is no suggestion that its players are engaged in resolving the interests of millions of human beings; and above all, there is a pervasive implication that the game is somehow given, that it is for the players to adapt themselves to it rather than change the rules to suit their own convenience. This implication fits in with the neo-conservatism current in the United States today; but it does violence to the revolutionary past of the American people.

DAVID MARQUAND

The Memory Strip

Home and Away. By JOHN PUDNEY. *Joseph.* 21*s.*

Troubled Waters. By MAURICE WIGGIN. *Hutchinson.* 21*s.*

The Answer to Life is No. *Hart-Davis.* 16*s.*

Chapters from a Floating Life. By SHEN FU. *Oxford.* 16*s.*

Bits of lives, facets of self or activity: none of these books except the last aims at wholeness. Mr Pudney calls his 'an autobiographical gambit.' It starts off in the self-deprecatory manner, 'On Being Called Pudney', but recovers in time to snatch back any reader wondering whether to go on. A life-with-father childhood in the Home Counties leads to schooldays at Gresham's where the author's secret passion for Swinburne met with icy dismissal from W. H. Auden: 'a Nordic, sagacious, heavy-footed boy in another house. He seemed an adult man then: and in our few meetings in after years, he seemed an adult boy.' Auden had already written some of the poems to appear in his paper-covered volume of 1930 – after various adventures. One wild summer morning in the school woods, accompanied by young Pudney who was commanded to stand back, he drew all his manuscripts from his pocket and flung

NICHOLAS WOLLASTON travelled in the Red, People's, side and realized what an intense, dedicated mass these boiler-suited millions were—devoted to their communal ideology, and to the idea of total loss of Self for the gain of Their Own China. A serious prospect—most certainly, but not *too* serious for Mr Wollaston.

On both sides of

CHINA in the MORNING

On the lighter side, a different picture of the perpetual paradox that has mystified Westerners. Glorious confusion, never predictable, surrounded his trip. His camera speaks superbly for itself in photographs of a country too hot to hurry, and his book leaves us with evocative impressions about that milling continent. 25s.
JONATHAN CAPE

them into the larger of two ponds; then turned back laughing to proclaim that the human race would be saved by science. By evening, however, they had to go back to the pond, accompanied now by a third boy. Would Wystan throw himself in? No. They kept *cave* while he retrieved all his pages still afloat in a green scum.

At 16, Pudney had left school and started at the bottom with a London estate agent Taking clients to view, collecting rents, mastering the local geography brought him smack up against life in Soho. Thereafter he journalised and commuted, married, saw the world with the RAF and wrote the most popular poem of the war (duly quoted), came back to journalism, a General Election, the BBC and publishing. He is modest, uncertain, solid (look at the back-cover photograph), a poet Georgian by instinct, imbued with social conscience. His book is uneven, but not too much touched by the blandness that might have attended greater success.

Mr Maurice Wiggin, who calls his book *Troubled Waters*, is a Sunday TV reviewer; but that, it appears, is mere accident in a life entangled in fishing. Cars also are an obsession. Unexpectedly it begins with boyhood on the fringe of the Black Country, with miners and fishing as its chief interest. It goes on fishing. I am no fisherman, but I found intermittent satisfaction in eels, poaching, salmon habits, and the peculiarities of sportsmen. They have a nice jargon. 'I had been fishing the hackled spider, grouse-and-yellow, but now I changed to a Bloody Butcher . . .' Then suddenly, in the early forties, he chucked the whole thing. We read on through the racy pages in order to discover *why;* but explanation is withheld.

The Answer to Life is No is – and is meant to be – a teaser. Its author is a much-married, ageing, self-pitying poet whose wife is always on the point of leaving him and who delectates in the elegant squalor of landlording a Paddington house whose tenants rarely hurry to pay their rent. Perhaps Mr Pudney could give him hints? Or doesn't he really, in everything, including his dwindling sex drama, prefer things as they are? He is fond of wine, suicide, Little Venice, books, and is a master of stewing in one's own juice. He writes eight or nine poems a year. He longs for us to ask: Who *are* you? But with passages such as this –

> I can see where Proust followed Ruskin. In the damp alleys of memory they saw the wet facades of buildings on Sunday afternoons as I see the moment of nostalgia for the long past I have enjoyed like a cup of tea that can never be repeated –

it is not difficult to resist and turn a blind eye on the hints strewn about. This is a personal but even more a self-conscious book, dangled like a flypaper to catch the curious. The blurb (which looks as though it might have been influenced by the author) proclaims that 'the answer to life, in the end, is a loud shout of Yes.'

Described by its translator, Shirley M. Black, as an eighteenth-century classic, *Chapters of a Floating Life* deserves to be read at a quarter of the usual reviewer's pace. Shen Fu was a painter and writer in Soochow and his wife Ch'en Yün was also a poet. Their marriage, almost as children, prolonged an innocence that barely survived the blows of officialdom, jealousy, and paternalism. She died; he was a romantic failure. This cool, distinct presentation of their happiness and tragedy (somewhat abridged to suit Western tastes) should be enjoyed a chapter or two at a time. Childhood, honeymoon, travel and

ZAZIE

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ULYSSES

James Joyce

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BODLEY HEAD

separation, forfeit games with the loser drinking a glass of wine, the wife's tenderness for the concubine, flowers, moon, water, and poetry create a whole world of sensibility that reminds us how clumsy and insincere by comparison was our own eighteenth-century cult of 'feeling': such a balance of truth and art as is rarely indeed found in autobiography.

G. W. STONIER

On Paradise Lost

Some Graver Subject. By J. B. BROADBENT. *Chatto & Windus.* 30s.

It wouldn't be surprising if this book turned out to be one of the central modern studies on *Paradise Lost*. The author is equipped with all the several kinds of scholarship, theological, philosophical, historical, psychological, which the subject requires. (So much is required because, as he points out, 'elements which look like incidental fancies of the poet are actually concretions of lore', and because the poem so often nakedly expresses the personal pain of a wounded soul.) In fact after an intensive reading one reels away dazed by so much erudition, and there are places in which the narrative line sags under so formidable a weight of learning. But the general effect is of a rich, collected scholarship, disciplined to serve the author's primary purpose, which is to elucidate the poem. The ease of the scholarship is matched by an equanimity of temperament which is neither stunned by the immensity of Milton's intentions, nor tempted to take the intentions for the actuality. Nor does Dr Broadbent feel, as so many Milton scholars have done, any need to get into an indignant lather about contemporary literary criticism of Milton, the effect of which – not very revolutionary after all – is to enforce the immeasurable superiority of Shakespeare. His method (but isn't it unusual in Milton studies?) is simply to follow steadily the growth of the poem, and to allow the poem and not the thesis to determine the topics to be considered.

The impulse at the heart of *Paradise Lost* belongs to the century as well as to the man. There were many in the seventeenth century like Milton – Lord Herbert, Hobbes, Raleigh, Bacon – who had this 'fierce desire to seek out the secrets of the universe, to control the world by linguistic comprehension. Upper, middle and nether regions, gods and men, science and history must all be visited'. But *Paradise Lost* isn't completely embedded in the medieval half of the seventeenth century. It came out in the same year as Sprat's *History of the Royal Society*, and the movement of civilisation represented by that book had its own curious, complicating influence on Milton. 'The steady movement, under Reformation, Humanist Renaissance and Enlightenment towards a rationalised religion, secularly sanctioned morality and constituted institutions bore Milton towards his poem and simultaneously carried away the value of its traditional materials.' Above all, perhaps, its influence was to weaken the impassioned sense of sin which quickened the earlier poetry into such vivid and disturbing life.

Perhaps this accounts for some of the structural distortion in the design of *Paradise Lost*. But the poem has also for many modern minds a strange deficiency in the ultimate coherence of the greatest works of art, which depends on things deeper and more personal than consistency in society or religion. What there is in Milton's life to explain this is put with understanding, clarity and moderation by Dr Broadbent, who is able to make a psychological point without rolling his eyes too ecstatically towards a Viennese heaven. He neither exaggerates nor underplays what is relevant in Milton's protected childhood, his over-ambitious father, his strained defence of virginity, the brutal shock of his marriage, 'the drudgery he used to cicatrice his wounds'. His treatment decidedly helps to clarify the intricacies of the poem, and helps us too to discern the many baffling faces lurking behind the gorgeous facade, the faces of looming and self-sufficient genius, maimed prophet, truculent fanatic, offended husband, sceptical mystic, devout believer, unconscious agnostic, spiritual logician, angelic gossip.

Everybody has his own image of Milton: testimony to his enormous power. And, as Coleridge suggested, into this image the reader absorbs each detail of the gigantic, clangorously garrulous poem. After this book the image will be clearer and fuller – it may even be changed completely: testimony to the effect of Dr Broadbent's learned, lively, disinterested essay.

WILLIAM WALSH

Walter Clyde Curry has added two new chapters and a bibliography to his *Chaucer and the Mediaeval Sciences* (Allen & Unwin, 35s). Other new editions include *The Development of William Butler Yeats*, by V. K. Narayana Menon (Oliver & Boyd, 10s 6d); *Turgenev, The Man, His Art and His Age*, by Avrahm Yarmolinsky (Deutsch: Orion Press, 36s); and *Author Hunting*, by Grant Richards, with an introduction by Alec Waugh (Unicorn Press, 25s).

Cricket Remembered

Over to Me. By JIM LAKER. *Muller.* 16s.

Bowler's Turn. By IAN PEEBLES. *Souvenir Press.* 16s.

Cricket from the Middle. By DOUGLAS INSOLE. *Heinemann.* 16s.

Phoenix History of Cricket. By ROY WEBBER. *Phoenix.* 30s.

Cricket, Lovely Cricket. By FRANK LEE. *Stanley Paul.* 18s.

Over to Me is a sadly odious book. It is odious because Mr Laker, carrying not just a chip but the whole block on his shoulder, is concerned through most of it to show that he was right and everyone else was wrong, and his weapon for doing this is not appraisal but abuse of almost everyone with whom he has had dealings in Test cricket. It is sad because in one or two passages, such as his description of segregated African cricketers at play, or his appraisal of each county team in turn, or his little pen-picture of the despairing Rolly Jenkins trying to conjure up a return of his lost form, he shows that he has an appreciative eye and a ghost with a skilled pen. But if he had stuck to such things as these he would never have been banned by the Surrey committee nor have sold so many copies. As it is, he will probably make more out of his book than the other four put together.

Mr Peebles, an engaging professional writer who needs no ghost, reminisces – of Jack Hobbs who, when asked how he played a fast leg-break, answered: 'By walking back to the pavilion'; of George Gunn, varying the monotony of a long innings by asking the slips what stroke he should play to the next ball and playing it; of the Reverend Tom Killick describing the bowling as 'Good old Church of England stuff, straight up and down and no nonsense'; and of the Reverend and Honourable Edward Lyttelton saying 'I never enter a cathedral without visualising the spin of the ball up the aisle'.

When Mr Insole, still an active cricketer, writes about the personalities of his fellow-players, there is no inside dirt. He merely describes Trevor Bailey at home as

> giving generous praise to those in his household who get in the coal, make the early morning cup of tea and mend the fuses. He seldom offers to assist because, being of a humble nature, he is very conscious of his own ineptitude in such matters . . . He has been known to assist in the break-up of social gatherings which have lasted rather long by changing into his pyjamas and making an obtrusive reappearance. This is, for him, the subtlest of hints.

Mr Frank Lee, though an umpire, does not resort to abuse. He remembers that after rejecting three lbw appeals in a previous match, he was greeted by the disappointed bowler at their next meeting with the words: 'Blimey, here's old Molotov again!'; or that one nameless umpire found himself joining in the fielding side's appeals for catches at the wicket. And he produces a new story of that umpiring character, Reeves, who, rejecting an appeal from a bowler in his first county match, said: 'You have more chance in this class of cricket if you add "Sir" to your appeal'. Shortly after, the bowler let out another terrific shout, adding 'Sir' after 'How's that?' 'That's better, my boy' said Reeves. 'Out!'

As for Mr Webber, he remembers everything, as usual, if by everything one means

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LONGMANS

what has happened on the field of play and not what is thought to have happened in the captain's bedroom. These four books will make pleasant reading in the winter evenings and this, one hopes, will be some compensation to the authors for the fact that, unlike Mr Laker's ghost's effort, they will not make headlines in the Sunday papers.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

The Science-Art

East Anglia. By R. RAINBIRD CLARKE. **Brittany.** By P. R. GIOT. **The Origins of Rome.** By RAYMOND BLOCH. **The Anglo-Saxons.** By D. M. WILSON. *Thames & Hudson.* 30*s* each.

There was a time when archæology seemed curiously dull. The methods imposed 70 years ago by General Pitt Rivers and others – the precise recording of the dig and the analysis of artifacts according to their relation to others of the same type – made the work itself interesting only to the expert; and when methods ruled the man, as in Professor Gordon-Browne's declaration that his interest in an object was not 'in the probable conditions under which it was made and used, as much as in its relationship to the other objects of its group' – archæology seemed to have become the naming of parts. But as the scientific methods achieved results they procured a reaction to humanism. The modern archæologist is aware that the long purpose of his experiments is to interpret from artifacts the human behaviour that produced them. As a scientist willing to make the jump into history he has become that popular figure of our time, the science-artist who creates nothing we need be afraid of.

Dr Glyn Daniel, as general editor, is a powerful cause of the excellence of the books in the Ancient Peoples and Places series. For he insists that the author shall have worked himself as a scientist in the field he is now required to interpret as an artist; that he shall write a concise text, and demonstrate his material with properly referenced illustrations.

I put first Mr R. Rainbird Clarke's *East Anglia* for the cheerful energy with which he packs in the details of finds, brings them alive for a moment as the work of humans and moves on to the next phase. I note that 'eoliths' have been discredited, but hundreds of tools have been discovered from the few families who roamed over Whitlingham in the interglacial of 350,000 BC; that a spear-head trawled up in the North Sea shows the inhabitation of 'Northsealand' which joined Britain to the continent as recently as 5,000 BC; that draught-ponies were harnessed to wheeled-vehicles in the seventh century, but chariot-warfare came in with the Marnians round 250 BC, Iron Age B. This is the first book I've read which has enabled me to pin something definite on each of the names of prehistoric cultures. I recommend it to all who would like to form a general view of English archæology.

Brittany is the only other book of these five to be allotted the full range of prehistory. Severely professional, M. Giot makes few concessions to ignorance of technical terms, and although he concludes that the Romans were the barbarians who ruined Armorican civilisation he leaves you to form your own picture of it from his catalogue of sites and artifacts. I found this book exciting for the mere descriptions of the passage-graves *c.*3030 BC, the gallery-graves that succeeded them, the 1,000-menhir temples, the 388 hordes of bronze-age tools. But there is an odd contrast between the imaginative reconstructions made by Mr R. C. A. Atkinson in his *Stonehenge* and M. Giot's conclusion that the menhirs 'whether isolated or in groups remain enshrouded in mystery'.

However, another Frenchman, M. Raymond Bloch, has no doubt that his aim in *The Origins of Rome* is to establish Roman history from 750 to 475 BC. He suggests that the Romans couldn't believe they had ever been an inferior nation but otherwise had a tough memory for the past. Archæology tends to revive belief even in Livy. Anyhow the date of Romulus's foundation fits the carbon-count for the first Iron Age settlement of the forum. The hut-urns buried at the time seem the most charming burial caskets of antiquity. Two things stand out sharply from this highly intelligent essay: the Romans had a native sculptural art, though it was influenced by other cultures; and the quickest way to realise their national genius is to study the transformation of their powerful religious feelings into smoothly working formulae for national success.

Part of our conventional picture of the Anglo-Saxons will have to go. For instance the *Horror Romani* – their reluctance to colonise Roman sites – is controverted in Canterbury and York. Mr D. M. Wilson, who supplied me with my quotation from Professor Gordon-Browne, writes *The Anglo-Saxons* as one who enjoys the duty of interpretation. Our forefathers are becoming less rude. The Sutton Hoo ship-burial, a cenotaph

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probably for King Aethelhere *c.*655, reveals a dynasty which could collect and ritually dispose of treasures from Scandinavia, the Rhineland and Byzantium; and the personal ornaments, made by East Anglian craftsmen, show an English art of absolute merit. This book forms an admirable introduction to the neglected study of Anglo-Saxon art – it used to be better-known when most of it was wrongly thought to be 'Celtic'. In its devotion to the circle, the spiral, the loose-knot and the compartment it transformed Celtic animal-figures and Byzantine ikons into its own abstractions. After the graceful Winchester School of illumination *c.*1,000, we feel that something has been submerged which was not found again till the present century.

ANDREW WORDSWORTH

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What's Better than Money? BY JAMES HADLEY CHASE. *Hale.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Savage Streets. BY WILLIAM MCGIVERN. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Miss Marsh's twenty-firster in detective stories deserves a handsome tribute from her grateful tenantry of readers. *False Scent* is as high-spirited, amusing and neatly contrived from start to finish as that old favourite of hers, *Surfeit of Lampreys,* written 20 years ago. 'Never a dull moment' comes true for once. The scene is the London theatrical world, where Miss Marsh always feels at home and happily equipped to make judicious use of its charmingly ridiculous inhabitants for criminal purposes. Mary Bellamy, one of the aging glories of our stage, is suffering from play-trouble, servant-trouble, producer-trouble, husband-trouble and colleague-trouble on the occasion of her annual birthday party, when someone sees fit to put an end to her whole pack of troubles for good and all. The characters all *have* character; the dialogue never flags for an instant; and the reason for murder proves to be commendably adequate. Roderick Alleyn, whose character time has chastened to advantage, solves the case; although any reader can do so who cares to cheat by remembering Miss Marsh's kindness of heart.

'You are the only one in New York who doesn't know about your wife,' even when printed in capital letters and unsigned, is the kind of statement that should give a husband of less than six months' standing something to think about. But the hero of *The Green-Eyed Monster,* being an incorrigible ditherer, has to wait until the girl is murdered and he himself under suspicion before making a few obvious inquiries about his wife's sex life. The result is mildly disappointing. One always has high psychological hopes of Patrick Quentin; but for once the carefully chosen characters do not click into place, and the duffer husband with his jealous posthumous brooding forfeits any claim to sympathy, or even human interest.

Who pushed the third husband of the desirable lady off the East Anglian cliff? This trifling question in *The Laughing Fish* sends Eve Gill scuttling round the Suffolk marshes with her little Beretta like an avenging angel. Mr Jepson rattles off the exciting escapades of his detective heroine with impressive ease and exuberance – but you have to like the girl to enjoy them: and at times the writing becomes all too slapdash. One can hardly take a lawyer seriously who talks of *corpus delictus.*

The Mystery of Swordfish Reef despatches Mr Upfield's famous half-caste detective to the New South Wales coast for a change of air and a taste of big-game fishing. A launch with three men aboard, out after tuna and sharks, has vanished without trace, except for a floating vacuum flask. Two months later the head of one of the crew is trawled up from the sea-bed with a bullet hole through the skull. Boney enjoys good sport with the swordfish – and the reader will too – but the case itself is unworthy of his talents. As soon as one hears that the dead man is a retired Scotland Yard detective one can solve it without leaving dry land.

In *Fear the Light* Miss Ferrars introduces one splendid tricky clue that is bound to send the reader galloping off in the wrong direction. Otherwise the plot suffers from over-elaboration. An old lady who owns some precious manuscripts unbeknown to herself gets her neck broken; and some one who knows too much about it gets shot. One may not like the stodginess of the writing, but one can safely skip along the duller pages.

Jonathan Latimer writes for adults only. *The Mink-lined Coffin* opens with a naked blonde wearing nothing but a silver crucifix on the hero's doorstep: and so it goes on. A movie star at Hollywood is shot on location while three cameras are whirring yet without any one noticing. The pace of the story is terrific, the incidents hair-raising, and the plot extremely ingenious if not absolutely baffling. Mr Latimer may be too rich a diet for delicate stomachs but those who can digest him will not complain of the fare.

In *The Case of the Runaway Corpse* how did a corpse, after being certified dead by a properly qualified doctor, jump out of the window an hour later in its pyjamas? There is only one possible way; and one feels inclined to kick oneself for not cottoning on to it. This is excellent Erle Stanley Gardner, more straightforward and less extravagant than usual, and with Perry Mason teaming up alongside a district attorney for a change.

To relish the Lockridges' methods of detection you must succumb to the charms of Pam and Jerry North; particularly Pam's, to whose whimsical fascination I regretfully remain obtuse. But there is a neat little problem to solve and a dashing man-bunt round the wilds of Arkansas in *The Long Skeleton,* after a lady interviewer on television has been quietly suffocated. Turn the knob – yes; but why stifle the offender? For the very best of reasons, as you will discover!

With Mr Rhode's complicated plots the reader's ambition is to solve the case before Dr Priestley butts in; and in *Twice Dead* he should succeed. A baronet sends a false obituary notice of himself to *The Times* for

fun; and a few days later he meets his death in earnest. The suspects are many, but a modicum of common sense should suffice to identify the right one. After 35 years in the detection business Mr Rhode writes as competently, and as prosily, as ever.

The last two are thrillers. Mr Chase exploits the American underworld with extreme efficiency. In *What's Better than Money?* the hero gets tangled with a junky girl who graduates from marijuana to blackmail and ends badly. A little sex, a little sadism, a great hunk of sentimentality, corny stuff from start to finish, but dished up with a very practised hand.

Savage Streets describes the collapse of civilised behaviour among respectable citizens in New York State, when their children are bullied by those of less respectable citizens. Some of the scenes of violence and brutality that ensue make one's blood run cold. Mr McGivern wields his powerful prose with evangelical fervour: his purpose is to make all the self-righteous tremble and to expose the beast in hiding behind the commuter.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

Sailing Round-up

Trade Winds and Turtles by Dan Mulville (Putnam, 21s) will make any city-bound sailor stir restlessly on his swivel-stool. Mr Mulville, loafing in the Canary Islands after the collapse of a commercial expedition, found and bought a 40-ft gaff-rigged cutter, *L'Aventurier*, and with a delightful Swedish friend, Ulf, sailed her to the West Indies, where, by turtle fishing, chartering and – as it turned out – unsuccessful smuggling, he hoped to turn a moderately honest penny.

The Wind off the Island by Ernle Bradford (Hutchinson, 21s) is a detailed and evocative account of how Mr Bradford and his new wife Janet sailed their 10-ton Dutch Boeir, *Mother Goose*, round the coast of Sicily making friends everywhere, waking in new harbours, tasting strange foods and wines, and exploring the sun-soaked, history-ridden villages with wide eyes and open hearts.

By contrast, *Voyage in a Bowler Hat* by Hugh Malet (Hutchinson, 21s) is not a sailor's book at all. Mr Malet's experience of boats was negligible when he decided to turn away from the office desk and look a little more intimately at the world; but this did not deter him from buying, for £35, a decrepit dory, refurbishing her, and making a leisurely voyage by river and canal across England, into Wales, and on to Ireland. This book will be a great encouragement to any tyro who is drawn towards the boating life but inhibited by thoughts of expense and inexperience.

Small Boat to the Skagerrak by Roger Pilkington (Macmillan, 25s) is a sequel to Dr Pilkington's previous accounts of his adventures aboard *The Commodore*, a converted Admiral's barge, on the inland waterways of Holland and Belgium. This time his flat-bottomed, broad-beamed craft has been poking her nose inquisitively along the rivers and canals of Germany and Denmark, and up the Skagerrak to Norway and Sweden.

Unable to make a satisfactory living as a stalker among the Scottish mountains, Mr Tex Geddes took to the islands, bought a 34 ft Fifie with a Kelvin engine and a drifter's mizen, fitted a harpoon gun, and was in business as a *Hebridean Sharker* (Jenkins, 21s). His book is filled with shark, mackerel and lobster fishing, salmon poaching, and the primitive makeshifts of a crofter's life.

J. B.

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Dorothy Pickles gives the first full description of the Constitution of the Fifth French Republic and discusses the chances of its continuation after de Gaulle. 15s

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Vii Putnam's story of a gypsy family who buy a ranch in California collected a load of cheerful adjectives from the critics in America. 'A gypsy *Life with Father*' said the Saturday Review. Vii Putnam is herself a gypsy, so she knows what she is writing about. 18s

The gypsy 'patteran' signs on the right mean, reading downwards: Very good people; Something worth getting; You will be entertained here.

METHUEN

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Charismatic Curate

Wednesday 29 March

Went down the meadows to Mrs Tudor's. Handsome Tudor was working in his garden. By the door lay a salmon rod on the ground, so I knew the Squire was having luncheon in the cottage. I went round and there he was with old Harry Pritchard. He brought out his telescope and we had a look at Crichton and Mrs Nicholl both wading in the river and fishing under the red cliff.

A BEAUTIFULLY attentive cameo, faithful and particular as a Bewick engraving. Coming to Kilvert for the first time in this one-volume abridgment* I expected such scenes, of course, and much else of a similar kind. And it is all there – what someone called 'the placid afternoon of the Seventies': the daily minutiae of a rural curate's life, relations good and bad with respective squires, villagers' recollections which Kilvert seemed able to charm from them (of the mother who walked briskly across the fields to see the execution of her own son, of the soldiers leaving Chippenham for Waterloo – 'they looked very much down, for they knew where they were going', of mad parsons, riots between villages, the Indian Mutiny), croquet games with girls of suitable class while the light falls level across the lawn, enormous meals. Through it all this obscure curate weaves his pattern of visits – to the young and old, rich and poor, sick and well. It creates, first, a sense of firm identity and of continuity, of known generations and of place, of 'a dignified and commodious culture'.

This is to idealise the picture, by failing to touch in its rougher lines – the widespread poverty (so many often cold and hungry), the harder impacts of status. Seen from this softening distance it attracts us a little like parts of Beatrix Potter – the small ordered warm world where mother hedgehog will always sit rocking in that little armchair, smiling with endless forgiveness over her wire spectacles. But it can't all be dismissed in this way. Much remains to set us thinking yet again about both our social relationships and our personal routines. Let me take one such instance of each kind. We have had both thoughts many times before; they are twentieth-century intellectual clichés. But each is given fresh force after a reading of Kilvert.

First, the social. It seems wrong as well as futile to regret the end of this old rural order. Yet we might take a better measure of how much it embodied social responsibilities. Some kinds of charity – for instance, towards the old – were assumed within that order, even if the assumptions were not always lived up to. This struck me all the more sharply because I was reading at the same time Professor Titmuss's recent Fabian pamphlet *The Irresponsible Society*, which is at bottom a call to put back this kind of charity, by acts of will and conscious decision, into an increasingly centralised and prosperous society.

And then the private reflection, which is just as trite until it is recreated. In Kilvert the world slows down and we realise how fast we have been running for years. Here, everything is more sharply defined and we can hear again how people speak and see the detail of their movements and those of nature, sharp and clear. Kilvert's natural descriptions are rightly admired, though they are occasionally overwritten. But he can note quite simply and briefly:

> The women of Clyro walk like storks –

and you feel how the insight struck through his eyes. Or he looks, absorbedly, at a sleeping pig:

> I went round the premises late at night to see if the outhouses were locked up. All was still and the white pig lying in the moonlight at the door of his house, fast asleep, with the moon shining on his white face and round cheek.

All this is a long way from the 1870's as we usually think of them. Kilvert was, certainly, politically unaware, out of this world. But he was out of this world in another sense. He was one of the 'once-born': he had little intellectual curiosity or interest in theological inquiry. He seems simply to have seen the world as always under the shadow, embracing, loving and firm, of God. He had in his bones a sense of an order outside our societies which both diminished them and sheltered them. The world was for him peopled with creatures – from cows to men – foolish but by instinct gentle. This may seem itself a foolish view but it is a high folly. For Kilvert the world was, as he says, 'a curious and wonderful thing'; not a thing to be made over or pushed around – after all, it wasn't going anywhere – but to be ruminated over and loved. At times, as he celebrates this world, he recalls Hopkins, and at times, Vaughan; and just once, on the road to Lanhill at night, he had a mystical experience much like those of Vaughan. For such a man nothing is done by way of show and the voice is never raised. A sort of love flowed from Kilvert's fingerends. He was the most charismatic of curates and when he left Clyro his parishioners literally wept and he wept too.

Yet I suppose all this does make Kilvert sound soft. He wasn't; he could be shrewd and dry, though he was never worldly or sardonic. He watches tenant farmers waiting for a free dinner:

> No viands had yet appeared but a savoury reek pervaded the place and the tantalised tenants walked about *lashing their tails*, growling and snuffing up the scent of food hungrily like Welsh wolves.

The italics are mine, though they are hardly necessary; the image vibrates from the sentence.

But such instances do not occur often. What does prevent the diary from having the placidity suggested by all I have said so far is another quality which runs throughout. This is the weft to the warp of Kilvert's natural and social observation. To put it crudely first: Kilvert was a love-starved curate. His diary roughly spanned his thirties and ended just before he married. And the most important recurring item (at least in the one-ninth of the whole which is printed here) is – girls. It's not simply that he falls in love successively with well-nurtured young ladies, but that he is immediately excited by all sorts and aspects of girls: girls at school, the daughters of parishioners from two to twenty, girls in paintings at the National Gallery, Irish tinker-girls met on a train journey, girls glimpsed rolling on hillsides or heard laughing from haystacks, girls being bathed on the hearth in their drawers, girls' feet peeping from under their dresses, girls showing a curve of soft white breast or a rounded bottom or thigh:

> The girl suddenly slipped off the swing seat . . Unfortunately her clothes had got hitched upon the seat of the swing and were all pulled up round her waist and it instantly became apparent that she wore no drawers . . I suppose I had set her down with her clothes rumpled up and her bare flesh (poor child) upon the board and as her flesh was plump and smooth and in excellent whipping condition and the board slippery, they managed to part company with this result.

There are a score of similar items. Simply to mention them is to recall all the old sniggers about lovesick or peeping curates or to invite an exercise – which would certainly have point – in psychological analysis.

Kilvert had an enormous capacity for love in all sorts of aspects – for sensuality, for tenderness, for regard and affection. He wanted so badly to marry; he wanted a daughter to care for; he wanted to look after all his parishioners; he wanted a wife to love physically. And it all became one, a part of that whole world which he saw as 'curious and wonderful'. So he was incapable of looking at anyone as a 'type' or as a 'subject' for ministration, but saw them only as individuals, fresh, sharp, drawing love.

This is not one of the great diaries: I have put into relief its two strengths and said nothing about its weaknesses. But through all the unprofessional clumsinesses, here is a real human being, exposed in the round. We want to sit down and think, slowly, about the strangeness and beauty of human life after watching this little curate – wandering on his careful round over the fields and hills of Clyro and Langley Burrell, starting with desire as he catches sight of a girl's bare shoulder near a stream, dreaming of a possible wife, comforting the old and strengthening the sick – gentle and tender and vulnerable.

RICHARD HOGGART

*Kilvert's Diary 1870-1879. Chosen, edited and introduced by WILLIAM PLOMER. *Cape*. 18s.

In a Convex Mirror

A stately room – chaise-longue and easy
chairs,
Old jugs on carved commodes, a clavichord,
Three landscapes, minor eighteenth century
Against the pale grey walls; and all in
half-light,
The street being narrow, the houses opposite
tall,
Each with a room like this – a waiting-room.

Sunk in a chair, quite still, a waiting man
Who stares into a classic composition
Heavily framed above the mantelpiece.
A streak of grey, myself in miniature
Against pale pink upholstery, exhales
Invisible smoke; and slowly moves one hand,
Ten minutes only here, half lost already,
Half vanquished by the furniture, half
absorbed,
But for the ticking of a clock would yield
All his defences, call the blur delusion.

But 'trumpery' now I mutter, jump up to
break it,
Command my legs to walk, jerk my glazed
eyes
Out of this glazed anachronism's eye,
And hear my name called; going, look once
more:
A classic composition; nothing stirs.
One little streak of grey that matched the
walls
Removed, but in that half-light far too faint
To leave a gap, and soon to be replaced.

MICHAEL HAMBURGER

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Dent

Night Thought

My soul and I last night
Looked down together.
I said, 'Here we are come
To the worst. Look down
That chasm where all has fallen,
The rose-tree and the garden
And the ancestral hills
Every remembered stone.
Of that first house
There is no trace, none.
You'll never cross that burn
Again, nor the white strand
Where lifted from the deep
Shells lie upon the sand
Or among sea-pinks blown,
Never hear again
Those wild sea-voices call
Eider and gull rejoicing.

Turn away, turn
From the closed door of home,
You live there no longer,
Nor shall again.
You have no place at all
Any where on earth
That is your own, and none
Calls you back again.'

Soul said, 'Before you were
I spanned the abyss.
Freedom it is unbounded,
Unbounded laughter. Come!'

KATHLEEN RAINE

The Witnesses

Dogs to their vomit, crows to carrion,
We keep on going back – this film, this play,
Personal histories, newspaper reports
About some trial over the North Sea –
Belsen and Auschwitz call for no passports,
Dachau is native ground for everyone.

Hard to forget a skill when once it's learned;
We know how to break bodies, how to break
The watchspring of the will, and murder
comes
A little easier, even by mistake;
The military spokesmen blame the times
More glibly than before the ovens burned.

Pain has its jargon: first *Arbeit macht frei*,
And now, perhaps, *Died trying to escape* –
Each phrase a lie that all the same is true,
Till words themselves lose substance, weight
and shape;
When language lessens, we must also grow
As crude and mean and small as what we say.

Agreed one finds harsh tales in history books,
With here a woodcut – executioners
Busy about some quaintly bloody task;
Our fathers felt it no concern of theirs,
And formerly the scholars wrote quite brisk
Verdicts on iron maidens, thumbscrews, racks.

Now things are different. Voices fill my head.
'Men are like this,' they say. 'Are you like
this?'
My father and my grandfather would not
Have understood; to me the question is
Simple and hard. Always within earshot
Linger to hear me those nine million dead.

EDWARD LUCIE-SMITH

The French Enigma

De Gaulle's Republic. BY PHILIP M. WILLIAMS and MARTIN HARRISON. *Longmans.* 25*s.*

The Fifth French Republic. BY DOROTHY PICKLES. *Methuen.* 15*s.*

France—The New Republic. BY RAYMOND ARON. *Stevens.* 21*s.*

For the Time Being. BY VERCORS. Trans. JONATHAN GRIFFIN. *Hutchinson.* 25*s.*

Three of these four books deal with the Gaullist regime, and the fourth, though originally published in 1957, obtains whatever relevance it has from the contrast between the intellectual atmosphere of the parliamentary Republic and that of its successor. In their different ways they all make the same point: the France of de Gaulle represents a political mutation at least as profound as the change from the Vichy regime to parliamentary democracy in 1944-6. Not that the circumstances were in any way similar, for the 1958 upheaval was the most peaceful in French history; indeed it can be claimed that the French displayed their maturity by staging the first bloodless revolution in their country's annals. For all that, something important did occur, and the books under review are concerned to define what it was.

De Gaulle's Republic is the most successful of these attempts to interpret the significance of the new regime. The authors approach their subject as historians concerned to discover why parliamentary democracy failed in France after the war, and whether the present authoritarian regime can solve the problems inherited from its predecessor. The institutional framework does not receive much detailed consideration, in which respect their work is inferior to Mrs Pickles's careful dissection of constitutional texts and governmental proceedings. In exchange, the reader is offered a lively account of the bizarre circumstances surrounding the 1958 upheaval, and a realistic analysis, from close quarters, of the way the new system operates. Students of constitutional history will perhaps find Mrs Pickles more useful; connoisseurs of politics are more likely to turn to Messrs Williams and Harrison. They have a story to tell, as well as a theme to expound, and the story gains from being related in a dry, ironical tone which yet avoids the irritating condescension noticeable in so much British writing about France. Both books carry an appendix giving the text of the Fifth Republic's Constitution (the preamble of which, it is worth noting, endorses not merely the principles of 1789, but those of 1946 as well).

M. Aron was asked by the Fund for the Republic to lecture on the new Constitution in October 1958, when it had only just been adopted, and in particular to relate its principles to American tradition. His presentation, and the ensuing discussion, covered a fairly wide field, but in the end returned to the theme of the failure of parliamentary democracy in France since 1946. His reluctant conclusion that under modern conditions parliament is everywhere bound to lose ground to the executive seems to have struck his American hearers as a qualified apology for the Gaullist regime, but he made it clear that in his view the authoritarian reaction has gone too far. Whether the pendulum can be expected to swing back to something resembling a parliamentary regime is a question he does not seem inclined to answer, though he

stresses the importance of bringing the political parties back to life.

What is noteworthy in all these three books is their emphasis on the impermanence of the purely Gaullist aspects of the new regime, such as the enhanced role of the President (whose indirect mode of election, however, still does not enable him to play the part of his American opposite). This underscores the difficulty of envisaging a Gaullist constitution without the General to lend it authority. M. Aron clearly does not believe the regime in its present form can survive de Gaulle's departure, while for Messrs Williams and Harrison the Fifth Republic is 'a benevolent despotism partially tempered by republican democracy'. The paradox of the regime lies in the fact that de Gaulle is not really trying to perpetuate his system of rule, which in a sense is that of a Roman dictatorship. Assuming that the emergency which brought him to power – the liquidation of France's empire, and the nation's instinctive rebellion against this long-drawn process – is terminated without disaster, the normal democratic system can probably be revived, though with a permanent bias towards greater authority for the executive than was thought safe in 1946. The obvious precondition is an end to the Algerian war that does not provoke another major convulsion. M. Duverger has recently warned readers of *Le Monde* not to overlook the consequences which a wholesale collapse of the French position in North Africa would bring in its train. French democracy can survive the liquidation of the overseas empire only if the process takes the gradual form it has assumed in Black Africa, where the Fifth Republic has indeed shown itself bolder and more successful than the Fourth. Whether de Gaulle can promote an acceptable compromise in the much more difficult circumstances of Algeria is so much an open question that all the authors under review wisely refrain from committing themselves.

For the Time Being falls into another category of writing: one for which there is no precise equivalent on this side of the Channel, since our men of letters do not as a rule bare their inmost thoughts and feelings in public. 'The Lay, or Bequests, of Bruller, alias Vercors', a volume of writings, speeches and letters documenting their author's progressive disillusionment with the Communist Party, doubtless has, or had, some relevance for French readers (though scarcely the intellectual interest of M. Edgar's Morin's vastly superior *Autocritique*). In translation these stale polemics resemble nothing so much as a painstakingly arranged collection of sawdust.

G. L. ARNOLD

Rue de l'Odéon

Shakespeare and Company. BY SYLVIA BEACH. *Faber. 25s.*

After all that talk about 'the American dream', there is one dream that has never failed Americans – the dream of going to Paris. It has nothing to do with meeting the French who, in any case, and as Henry James discovered, are not *accueillants*, especially not to foreign writers. Americans, as the story of Sylvia Beach's famous bookshop shows, go to Paris to be able to talk to Americans. Shrewdly she took her hint from Stratford-on-Avon when she opened in 1919; happily in James Joyce she found her 'bard', and within a couple of years the war against literature everywhere brought the pilgrims to her door. There were Pound, Sherwood Anderson, Scott Fitzgerald, Hemingway, the Steins and dozens of other gifted people. Gide, Larbaud, Valéry, broke through French insularity. The adventure and triumph was the publication of *Ulysses*. The fact that Miss Beach was the product of nine generations of Presbyterian ministers from Princeton on one side of the family, and missionaries on the other, adds the right kind of piquancy. Puritans are great comedians. A minor part of the comedy of running Shakespeare & Co. was Miss Beach's determination to keep it from becoming a headquarters for international erotica. When Frank Harris offered her *My Life and Loves* she turned it down; and when he asked for 'something to read in the train' she slyly gave him Louisa Alcott's *Little Women*.

Her memoir is a collection of very slight sketches of her customers – slight, but not thin, for she has a clever touch and is entirely good-natured and without archness or self-importance. She is not one of those who batten on literary movements and puff themselves up with self-congratulatory gossip. Modestly, competently, pleasantly she is 'in'. She did something very considerable when she helped Joyce and his family along and took on the publication of *Ulysses*. She saw to his troubles. She went with him to an eye surgeon when he was in agony, she lent him and advanced him money. One is always struck by the devotion that Joyce aroused among his friends; his charm has never been resented. His financial affairs were, of course, a life-long mess; he was a natural, non-fumbling borrower and indeed had an austere system. He entered his debts in a little note-

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NASSER'S NEW EGYPT

Keith Wheelock

Eight years ago an obscure Egyptian colonel led a coup which sparked off dramatic changes, not only in Egypt, but in the Middle East as a whole. As a result, Nasserism has become an almost irresistible force in the Arab world. What has the new regime done for Egypt? What will it achieve tomorrow? Keith Wheelock answers these and other burning questions. He traces the course of events from the earliest days of the revolution to the present time, and analyses the regime and its prospects for success or failure in the future.

17 June 30s.

STEVENS

book, made a note when they were refunded and the following day would borrow again from the same lender. His accountancy was a form of wit. As the years went by, he got beyond Miss Beach's resources, and Harriet Weaver had come munificently to the rescue. But even then, once he had finished heavy hours of work, his first thought was to find some drain down which to pour what money he had. Yet, as Miss Beach says with great force to those who grin or frown at his improvidence, Joyce was poorly rewarded for his work throughout his life. Spread over a lifetime, his earnings were not enormous and they came very late. He worked harder, longer hours, more originally and exhaustively, than any property speculator, lawyer or businessman, in short than the sort of people who sit on their accumulations and complain that he gave £5 tips to waiters and spent too much on drink.

Miss Beach's sketches are always telling and shrewd in their detail. She never writes more than she sees or knows. And she is very honest. Why did she not publish *Lady Chatterley's Lover* which Lawrence brought to her? Any one of the reasons she gives is good, but she does not conceal the emotional one: that to be a one-book publisher and that book *Ulysses* was everything to her. It was a love-affair with a book. There are dozens of amusing incidents outside of this central interest. Aleister Crowley appears:

> His clay-coloured head was bald except for a single strand of black hair stretching from his forehead over the top of his head and down to the nape of his neck. The strand seemed glued to his skin so that it was not likely to blow up in the wind. A self-mummified-looking man . . .

The head waiter of Maxims sent a boy over with a note saying he was willing to submit his memoirs of the goings-on of kings, statesmen and *cocottes* whom he had attended. He hinted that *Ulysses* would be nothing to this. Such touches of farce appear in what is really a lively footnote to a lost decade of talents, disasters and eccentrics. Then came 1931 and the 'Crowd' went home; by 1936 Shakespeare & Co. had a hard time keeping going. Miss Beach stuck out the Occupation and was even interned for a time. The great days had gone. It is rather sad.

V. S. PRITCHETT

New Novels

Jampot Smith. By JEREMY BROOKS. *Hutchinson.* 16s.

Dying Nicely. By HAMILTON JOHNSTON. *Gollancz.* 15s.

Dear Beast. By NANCY HALE. *Macmillan.* 18s.

Final Approach. By CHRISTOPHER HODDER-WILLIAMS. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 15s.

Zazie. By RAYMOND QUENEAU. Translated by BARBARA WRIGHT. *Bodley Head.* 12s. 6d.

Jampot Smith is a romance of adolescence. Its ingredients are simple: a friendship, an inconclusive love-affair; and its slight story will not bear a plain retelling. Yet it is so imaginatively recreated, with such delicacy and feeling, that the reader, disarmed, is drawn into the world of the novel and lives in it. Mr Brooks's adolescents are a group of grammar-school boys and girls in wartime Llandudno. They form a rootless but closed community of their own. The war is only a thin line of smoke in the horizon – Liverpool burning – and is at first the subject of a game. Adults are seldom mentioned, homes rarely entered. Whether they are evacuees or not, these adolescents all live out their lives in public places, at school, on the street, on the beaches, in restaurants, dance halls. Time is short and everyone is aware of its passing. For even while they develop it is known that these adolescent relationships can progress only to dissolution; and the war awaits. Mr Brooks handles his adolescents without whimsy or patronage. They are all real, growing people; their loves and tragedies are important. Artistically the book has a certain roughness. The proportions are not always right (30 pages for a birthday party are too many); and Mr Brooks sometimes writes a sprawling, polysyllabic prose that makes one long for neatness and precision. But passion and truth will always outweigh craftsmanship, and *Jampot Smith* is a very good novel indeed.

We are told that the hero of *Dying Nicely* is 'the most comically ineffectual of all modern "heroes" '; and, indeed, the novel is a fantasy of a familiar sort. Clifford Charlesworth is a 22-year-old sociology student whose only ambition is to get his diploma and become lost as soon as possible in a large organisation 'like ICI'. But he doesn't have the energy or the courage to do the door-to-door research which is necessary for the diploma. From the moment of his arrival in the town of Bellhampton things begin to go wrong. Nearly everyone he meets mistakes him for someone else; and he, puzzlingly, never has a chance to say who he is. Eventually he surrenders his identity and the complications, as the blurb says, 'grow more dire'. In fact, as the trained reader has guessed by now, he is wanted by the police. Dr Johnston tells his obvious story well. But he is nowhere funny; nor, on the other hand, is he intense enough to convince us that his story is more than made up, the working out of an 'idea' for a novel. And some readers will, of course, mistake Clifford Charlesworth for Paul Pennyfeather.

Nancy Hale has a fine comic gift, but in *Dear Beast* she has preferred to tell, with the utmost seriousness, the story of a woman who leaves her husband, goes back when she hears that he is dying, and stays. (He isn't really dead.) The wife comes from the North, the husband from the South, of the United States. There is a diagnosis of the Southern sickness, but the best things in the book occur incidentally: the descriptions of Southern houses ('the Canton bowl at the top was that into which the Confederate General Starkey had bled to death'); the tea-table chatter:

> 'It *is* so satisfactory, I think,' Mrs Scott said, 'the way the great British families manage to stick together, no matter how hard the times.'
>
> 'They're *all* connected.' Mrs Whiting sighed with pleasure. 'It's just like Virginia.'

There is, too, a delightful sketch of a successful romantic novelist, Eulalie Hobson Howe.

> 'I should like to withdraw,' Mrs Howe said. 'Is there a small chamber, somewhat apart, where I could be alone? I always precede my public appearances with a few moments of quiet meditation.'
>
> 'Yes indeed. Would the downstairs toilet serve?'
>
> 'I shall make it serve.'
>
> As she followed her hostess . . . she could be observed drawing from her large black pin-seal handbag copies of Epictetus, *The Spiritual Exercises of St Ignatius* and the *Bhagavad Gita*.

It is a pity that Miss Hale chose to tell a romantic story herself.

Final Approach tells of an inquiry into an air crash. Mr Hodder-Williams writes with vigour and much technical knowledge, but his plot is weak. As in a certain type of detective novel, people don't talk for the first hundred or so pages, and the missing half of the all-important letter cannot be found. Then people start talking, the missing half of the letter is found, and that is that. Some Americans are needlessly dragged in, and there is that display of Anglo-American camaraderie which nowadays warns the reader that the English writer is making a bid for the American market.

I fear I missed the point of *Zazie*. It is a fatiguing piece of French whimsy, just ready-made for one of those ghastly gay French films. It apparently attempts to amuse by its obscenities, its word-play and its phonetic dialogue. Zazie is an 11-year-old girl who uses bad language and knows all about sex. Her mother is a murderess, her uncle dances in a homosexual night-club. Their simple surrealist adventures I found quite unfunny. There are some aspects of the French genius I can't bear: their journal-keeping, their retelling of Greek myths, and their handling of children in books and films: from the nauseating little cherub of *The Red Balloon* to the diminutive adults of Gil Buhet's *The Honey Siege* to Zazie.

V. S. NAIPAUL

Portrait of Ghana

Ghana and the New Africa. BY DOUGLAS WARNER. *Muller.* 15*s.*

The main trends of political and social development in Ghana have been apparent for four years, ever since the colony was promised her independence following the 1956 elections. In *Ghana and the New Africa* Mr Warner says little about the country which has not been said before. His survey, brief, anecdotal and condensed, is that of an intelligent journalist, and is not intended to achieve academic standards. Those whose knowledge of West Africa is minimal will find in it a stimulating and objective introduction to the region, while others must be content with Mr Warner's nostalgic evocation of crossing on the Volta ferry, trying to mend a car in the bush, clinging to the reins of one's temper in the face of African inefficiency or witnessing a tribal dance.

Mr Warner, who worked for the magazine *Drum* both in South and West Africa, comes down squarely on the side of the Africans, while guarding against false idealism. His analysis of the basic struggles in Ghana is sound: unity against federalism: the twentieth century against tribalism and the rule of the chiefs: science against superstition; democracy against antagonisms that run so deep that they threaten to drown it. But all this has been said many times before. Mr Warner leaves the deeper problems unmentioned.

The worrying aspects of Ghanaian development lie less in deportations and arbitrary arrests than in the formation of a new class of African industrialists and bureaucrats with nothing but contempt for their more backward brethren. The close co-operation of government and capitalist investors is accompanied by the subjugation of the unions to the ruling CPP under the Industrial Relations Act. International Union conventions are not guaranteed in West Africa and the floating labour force is ripe for exploitation. The unions are numerous, divided and weak.

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CLEAN AND DECENT

Lawrence Wright

ROUTLEDGE *and Kegan Paul*

Effective collective bargaining is rare in Ghanaian industry. Too much attention has been paid to the political surface of West African life, and too little to the changing pattern of industrial and social relations. Class elites, and not party domination, comprise the long-term danger.

DAVID CAUTE

Week-end Competition

No. 1,582 **Set by Buzfuz**

Fathers' Day (on 18 June this year) is, alas, less widely remembered than Mothers' Day. The usual prizes are offered for a suggested Fathers' Day gift, embodied in a poem of greeting, to his or her father from Elizabeth Barrett, Oedipus, Hamlet, Henry V, Samuel Butler, Telemachus, the 5th Earl of Chesterfield, or Eliza Doolittle. Limit 12 lines. Entries by 28 June.

Result of No. 1,579 **Set by Ll. Barclay**

The National Union of Bank Employees have condemned secret reports on staff. The usual prizes are offered for extracts (not more than 120 words of prose or 12 lines of verse) from any such report on one of the following former bank employees: Kenneth Grahame, James Joyce, P. G. Wodehouse, T. S. Eliot.

Report

A more than usually large entry (to say nothing of an anonymous postcard from Cambridge, which read: 'No doubt you would have included John Masefield had you known') and one of a more than usually high standard. Reports on Mr Eliot as bank-employee outnumbered those on his distinguished former colleagues by more than two to one. Apart from the prize-winning entries, there were some very nice attempts. I liked A. J. Ryder's:

> Instead of filling up ledgers he was writing verse
> Or studying the Upanishads, which was worse.
> Our clients complained. Wavering between the profit and the loss
> We had to dismiss Mr Eliot – it was (you may say) inevitable:
> A timely decision in time yet significant beyond time,
> Simple and faithless like a tax-collector's smile.

Annie Allen reported: 'He once addressed a Statement of Account: For Ezra Pound. *Il miglior fabbro.*' For Stanley J. Sharpless he was a

> suspected Wall Street undercover agent. Fragments of manuscript found in desk signed J. Alfred Prufrock (American secret service) written in code. Not deciphered yet, but significant phrases, *e.g.* 'I should have been a pair of ragged claws, Scuttling across the floors of silent seas', obvious reference to submarine warfare. Baffling reference to Ash (or probably Cash) Wednesday.

As expected, Kenneth Grahame attracted the fewest competitors. George Hurren's report had a pleasing irony:

> His main interests are boating, and walking in the country, especially by rivers, observing animal life therein, about which he is very knowledgeable. He is fond of children, whose conversation he frequently quotes.
>
> A charming, loyal colleague, but hardly cut out for the Secretaryship!

Several competitors had Bertie Wooster reporting on Mr Wodehouse. Nancy Gunter was probably the best among these:

> . . . any bank employing good old P. G. W. is on a jolly good wicket in my opinion . . Awfully good-natured, easy-going, literary, clever sort of bloke, 'Cheery Little Ray of Sunshine', 'Solace in Declining Years', etc., but he wouldn't be 'declining' when it came to overdrafts, I'll bet . .

Allan M. Laing said 'A "larky" type'.

As a whole, the Joyce entries were less good than the others. D. Rothenberg employed Mr Samuel Beckett to report on Joyce: a pleasant idea, which in the event hardly worked. Andrew Cass nearly qualified for a prize, with his:

> Personal accounts, red all over, recorded luck-pennies wisely loaned from foolish Pound but insufficient to meet libelities for endless arrieres of penseion in Banco's geisthaus. Did a bunk to Left Bank on French lief after bounce of epical forged note uttered on Internotional Bank of Liffia, Unterlimninalled.
>
> Owedit revealed imprecunarious imbalances, dublin all the time, posted from Journal into Night Book

All the above are commended, together with Barbara Roe, G. J. Blundell, John Thornton, Clive Hart, Vera Telfer and D. R. Peddy. Three guineas to Alison Edward for scoring a double; a guinea and a half each to A. M. Robertson and Martin Fagg, and a guinea each to E. O. Parrott and Livingstone K. Bluntmore.

T. S. ELIOT

So here he is, at the City branch, having had twenty months—
Twenty months largely wasted, we are bound to observe—
Trying to learn to count notes. He has, it seems to us,
At best, only a limited success in the intolerable wrestle with figures.
In the general mess of imprecision of filing
He and that other who sits on the other side of him mislaid
A sum which a lifetime of prudence could not replace—
Not very satisfactory. He could only say
He was not sure he had not had some pernicious influence himself:
But he could not say what. After the event
He wept. He promised 'a new start'.
We make no comment: we should be glad of another clerk.

ALISON EDWARDS

In his early days, deferential, glad to be of use. Later, not keen to stay after hours - eyes and back turned upward from desk too readily. Yet general notions of time hazy: he confused past, present, future. Encoded papers found in desk made slighting references to his occupation and to finance in general, *e.g.* fellow-workers compared to damned souls, '*another* bank defaulter', 'ruined millionaire', someone forgetting the profit and loss (!). Exchequer Bond apparently used as sleeping-bag for immoral purposes (recalls Eugenides case). Private addresses have not inspired confidence (one-night cheap hotels). Has dubious circle of friends: Sweeney, Stetson (the murderer), Mrs Porter, Lou, etc. Acted as Peeping Tom in typist's bedroom. Steadier recently - might make tolerable confidential clerk.

A. M. ROBERTSON

'No, he will not be Chairman, nor was meant to be.' This remark, made casually to me in the course of luncheon by the Manager of our City Branch (Mr J. A. Prufrock), sums up the position with regard to Eliot, who seems not only to have lost all sense of the reality of time, but to suffer from obsessions. For instance, he talks continually of a 'Mrs Porter and her daughter', although an exhaustive search of our records reveals neither a 'Mrs' nor a 'Miss Porter' among our clients. I questioned him about this, only to be told that 'they wash their feet in soda water', information which, frankly, I consider irrelevant, and suspect may well be untrue.

MARTIN FAGG

JAMES JOYCE

Re JOYCE: Jubilate . . Moody fellow though. Wonder does he know he's talking to himself all the time. No. Can't do, some of the things he. Remember that time with Lady Fairchild, getting her balance right. Only thing he could think of, interest on two per cent bonds. Halfyearly: two per cent. Twins, your ladyship. Premature. Cash on delivery, pay bearer. Took her account away after. Then the Greek, puts the customers off. Always wandering about he is, and it pouring out of him like the Trinity mob Saturday nights, with the drink in them ready to murder each other. Heart's not in his work: fragmentary. All on the surface. Rise impossible. Drifter. Touch of the artist about young Joyce.

ALISON EDWARDS

KENNETH GRAHAME

It is felt that had Grahame explained his domestic crisis to the manager, an exception might have been made and the animals could have been housed in the spare office. At any rate it is anticipated that the badger and the mole could have caused no inconvenience. However they were hidden surreptitiously behind the counter. The unexpected appearance of these mammals (or does this exclude the toad?) affected customers in various ways. Some immediately drew cheques in favour of a local Temperance body, though some of these were subsequently chewed beyond recognition by the aforesaid beasts, either singly or in concert. Grahame's attempt to control the quadrupeds by cries of 'Rat! Toad!' upset two valued deposit accounts. Graham states that he is engaged on private literary (!) research . . .

E. O. PARROTT

P. G. WODEHOUSE

Our genial Mr Wodehouse's latest idiosyncrasy, that of bringing along his personal body-servant to do the tasks he is paid for, places us in an awkward position. His man Jeeves is a most unobtrusive and efficient fellow, and we no longer have any quarrel with Mr Wodehouse's work. It is just that the arrangement, being irregular, might lay us open to ridicule should rival houses get wind of it. Yet the Bank cannot afford to let Mr Jeeves go. He was instrumental in disentangling Lord Wettley from the coils of Miss Virginia Creeper last week-end, and if he does regard with a cold eye the design of our five-pound notes and give them away, that surely proves keenness.

LIVINGSTONE K. BLUNTMORE

ONE HOUR

a new novel by

Lillian Smith

author of

Strange Fruit

"An impressive and deeply interesting novel."—*The Observer*

"Massive themes, grouped like monoliths, cast shadows through the decent-seeming town . . . a profound and stunningly fluent piece of writing; the last 100 pages are nerve-racking."—*New Statesman*

21s.

CRESSET

City Lights

Sick of an Old Passion

The first report of the European Monetary Agreement, the anaemic, Nineteen-sixties version of the European Payments Union, makes dull reading. The members were all doing quite nicely for themselves in 1959, the managers report, and there was nothing much for the managers to do but brood on the way in which the new system would work when things became more normal and more difficult: Europe's dash into convertibility was made at a time when things were going quite unprecedentedly well and nobody can yet be quite sure what its consequences are likely to be. But '*these new conditions*', the managers suggest, '*by magnifying the interdependence of the national economies, place new responsibilities on the national monetary authorities. They demand the careful watching of developments, decisive and quick intervention where necessary, and the framing of economic and financial policy in a spirit of mutual responsibility*': we are more dependent now than ever before not merely on the quickness and accuracy of our own Grandma's reactions but on the fads and whims of all the others. We knew it, of course, but it's good to have it put so plainly.

Particularly at the moment, when the City is beginning to suffer from another fit of its own peculiar ague. The most obvious symptom at present is Bank rate jitters – last week's rise in the bill rate, following the rise in the German discount rate, has brought Thursday mornings back into fashion and gilt-edged are again drifting steadily downwards. The few fresh straws in the economic wind (Hoover lay-offs here, reports of labour shortages and rising costs there) point in no particular direction, but the City's feeling that more restrictive measures will be taken before the end of the year is now being impatiently translated into an expectation of something more at any moment – and what, in the atavistic Sixties, could be more natural than another increase in Bank rate? Grandma, reluctantly more sophisticated, is no doubt pondering the EMA pronouncement that '*the external effects of national interest rate policy have become more complex and even more important, and must be taken carefully into account in framing national policy*'.

Germany comes up inevitably at this point: the City's foreign exchange market as well as its money market is beginning to feel the first twinge of an old sickness. The symptoms are painfully familiar. The German central bank, alert against inflation and the possibility of 'excessive' wage increases, wants more restrictive measures, despite the fact that the external balance is embarrassingly strong (the German gold reserve has risen by over ten per cent in the past four months). Scarcer and dearer money is admittedly anti-social, forcing Germans to bring back money from abroad and stop lending, encouraging foreigners to by-pass the difficulties and take profitable advantage of interest rates which are half as high again as those in Britain. But if the government is unwilling to raise taxation – and this is an election year – the bank must act on its own; the latest increases in the discount rate will bring in money from abroad to swell the gold reserves still further and simultaneously prevent the domestic squeeze from tightening. This vicious spiral, on orthodox assumptions, could easily take another twist, and then another . . . What

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more natural than a recrudescence of rumours about an upvaluation of the D-mark (or, at the least, a widening of margins), and what more likely, now that we are all convertible, to make havoc of anything which makes sense?

An upvaluation would in itself be a good thing, and it is not out of the question for all German businessmen's dislike of an increase in their export prices. It is the dragging uncertainty, the repeated, repeatedly unbelievable denials, which sometimes produce speculative frenzy; Grandma, uneasily mindful of the 1957 fiasco, will take care to keep her ideas to herself this time, merely hoping that lower interest rates in America will bring more flighty money to Britain than higher rates and the hope of upvaluation in Germany takes out. *'In these new conditions, the balance of payments of each country reacts very quickly to changes in economic conditions and policies, both in the country concerned and in other countries. Thus, the national monetary authorities need to watch new developments carefully, analyse them, and decide whether any adjustment of policy is required, and intervene decisively before their effects gather momentum. Relatively slight shifts in the general trend of economic conditions have quick and widespread effects, and failure to intervene decisively may involve a substantial change in the foreign balance and disturbance of internal economic stability'.* They sound, these EMA managers, as frightened of their own creation as everyone else would be if they realised that convertibility has exposed an ailing economy, not to the sudden breath of outside air which might shock it into reality, but to the whims of professional and amateur speculators. It is odd that the government is making so much fuss about accepting the advantages which go with interdependence and co-ordination and insisting on keeping us out of Europe to the point where nobody wants us in.

Company News

Company profits, thanks partly to industry's healthy reluctance to cut prices and healthy promptness to raise them, are still rising steadily; net profits, thanks to last year's cut in income tax, are rising still faster and dividends faster still. The latest results do not suggest that the trend has changed. To take a few at random. *Courtaulds* (ignoring the Pinchin Johnson acquisition): profits 55% up, dividend up from 9⅓% to 12½%. *Metal Box*: profits 31% up in the second half-year, dividend up from 8⅓% to 12%. *De la Rue*: profits 43% up, dividend up from 20% to 22½% and to be held at that level after a 1-for-4 scrip issue. *Colvilles*: profits up 55% for the half-year, but interim dividend unchanged. *Watney*: profits up 54% for the half-year and interim up from 3⅓% to 6%. *Steel of Wales*: profits 28% up for the half-year and interim up from 3⅓% to 5%. The purely consumer firms have done consistently well. *Butlins* (holiday camps): profits up by 23%, dividend from 35% to 50%. *Bluebird* (caravans): profits 50% up on last year's forecast and dividend 40% against a forecast 25%. *London Rubber* ('Durex'): profits up 18% and dividend up from 20% to 30%. *Smiths Crisps*: profits more than doubled, dividend up from 34% to 55%. *Tesco* (Supermarkets): profits up by a third, dividend 22½% against 20% forecast to be maintained after a 1-for-2 scrip issue. And so on. Any request for higher wages will, of course, be dismissed as inflationary.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 553 Ladies' Day

True enough, we've had some ladies among competition winners as well as among the contributors in a "Readers' Own" week, but not, alas, for a year or two. All the more pleasing to welcome two of them at the same time. They are both fairly recent addicts, and they have both been somewhat reluctant about it and very comprehensibly too since one of them happens to be a famous problemist's spouse whilst the other one is married to an International Master. Here then is a position achieved by Mrs Lommer. /5rk1/1pp3p1/p4ktp1/8/5KtpQ/2P1PP2/PP2RK1P/3q4/. Playing Black she continued (1) . . . P-KKt4!; (2) QxP(g5),PxP; (3) KxP,Q-KB8 ch; (4) R-B2,QxR ch! etc. And here's a pretty win by Frau Teschner.

(1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) P-KB4, P-Q3; (3) Kt-QB3, Kt-QB3; (4) P-QR3?, Kt-B3; (5) Kt-B3, B-K2; (6) B-B4, O-O; (7) O-O, B-K3; (8) BxB, PxB; (9) PxP, QKtxP; (10) KtxKt, PxKt; (11) P-Q3, B-B4 ch; (12) K-R1, Kt-Kt5!; (13) B-Q2?, RxR ch; (14) QxR, Q-R5; (15) P-R3, Q-Kt6; (16) PxKt, Q-R5 mate.

Telling a story against himself Ivor Montagu sends me this hell-for-leather little game he lost to P. Capon.

(1) Kt-KB3, P-QKt3; (2) P-KKt3, B-Kt2; (3) B-Kt2, P-K4; (4) P-Q4, P-K5; (5) KKt-Q2, P-Q4; (6) P-QB4, PxP; (7) BxP, BxB; (8) KtxB, B-Kt5 ch; (9) QKt-B3, Kt-K2; (10) Q-R4 ch, QKt-B3; (11) B-Kt5, Q-Q4; (12) O-O-O, BxKt; (13) Kt-B6 ch, PxKt; (14) BxP, P-Kt4; (15) Q-R6, B-Kt5; (16) P-K4, QxKP; (17) QxKtP, R-QKt1; (18) Q-R4, B-Q7 ch!; (19) KxB, RxP ch; (20) K-B3, R-Kt5; (21) KR-K1, Kt-Q4 ch; (22) K-Q2, P-B6 ch; (23) K-B1, R-Kt8 mate.

Here's how F. Gaye, playing Black in a recent Lichfield match, punished his opponent's omission of a timely P-QR4 in the Slav.

(1) P-Q4, P-Q4; (2) P-QB4, P-K3; (3) Kt-QB3, P-QB3; (4) Kt-B3, PxP; (5) P-K4, P-QKt4; (6) P-QKt3, P-QKt5; (7) QKt-R4, P-B6; (8) P-QR3, P-QR4; (9) B-KB4, Kt-Q2; (10) Kt-B5 KtxKt; (11) PxKt, QxQ ch; (12) RxQ, BxP; (13) B-Q6, BxB; (14) RxB, Kt-K2; (15) P-QR4, O-O; (16) B-B4, B-R3; (17) Kt-K5, BxB; (18) KtxB, R-Q1; (19) RxR, RxR; (20) O-O, P-QB4; (21) KtxP, P-B7; (22) Kt-B4, R-Q8; (23) Kt-K3, RxR ch; (24) Resigns.

Finally, L. J. Mills sent me this interesting game which, Black against Dr. Fazekas, he won at Bognor Regis. Here's the position after the 34th move. /1q4k1/6pp/4p3/4Pp2/2p1bP2/3p4/1P1B1KPP/3Q4/.

(35) Q-R4, B-Q4; (36) Q-Kt4, Q-R1; (37) Q-K7, P-R3; (38) P-R4, K-R2; (39) P-R5, BxP; (40) QxKP, Q-B6 ch; (41) K-Kt1, Q-B8 ch; (42) K-R2, Q-R8 ch; (43) K-Kt3, Q-R6 ch; (44) K-B2, Q-B6 ch; (Most of those checks served the need of saving time on the clock!; (45) K-Kt1, Q-Q8 ch; (46) K-R2, B-Q4!; (47) QxP ch, K-R1; (48) Q-KB8 ch, B-Kt1; (49) Q-Kt4, QxP ch; (50) K-Kt3, B-Q4; (51) Q-Q6, B-K5; (52) P-K6, Q-B6 ch; (53) K-R4, Q-R8 ch; (54) K-Kt3, Q-Kt7 ch; (55) K-R4, Q-R7 ch; (56) K-Kt4, P-R4 ch; (57) Resigns.

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which White, a R up, felt sure of victory and played QxRP. Why was this a bad blunder? And how did Black force immediate resignation? **B** is as homemade as it ought to be in a "R.O." week. The author is one of our sui-mate addicts, and the pretty piece he sent me—a "sui in 6"—shouldn't be too difficult for 6 ladder-points. **C** (for 7 points) is a draw, kindly submitted by one of our Budapest readers who happens to be one of the most famous Hungarian problemists and study-composers. Usual prizes. Entries by 27 June.

A: Elstner 1958

B: R. T. Waterfield, 1960: /2R5/1b4p1/7k/6R1/Qp5p/1Pp1B2P/kt5PK/1B6/.

C: Z. Zilahi, 1960: /4k2r/bP1p4/2p5/2P1K2p/1RB4r/4p3/4P3/8/.

REPORT on No. 549 Set 21 May

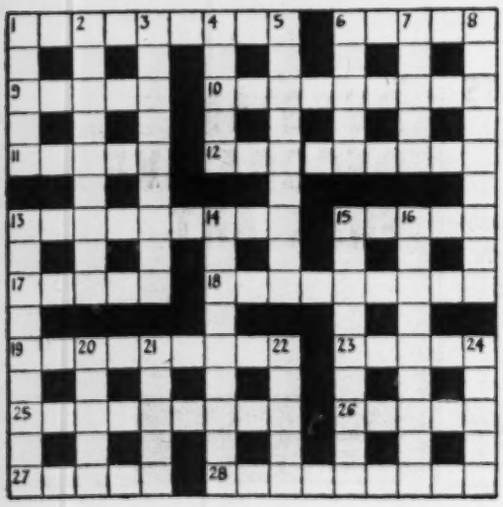
A: (1) . . . Q-R4! would have won at once because of the double threat of . . . QxB and . . . B-R6 ch etc.
B: (1) P=Kt, ch, RxKt; (2) R-B6 ch, K-Kt2; (3) R-B7 ch!, KtxR ch; (4) PxKt, R(1)-K1; (5) P=Q ch, KxQ; (6) B-B5, K-Q2; (7) B-Kt4(R3) etc.
C: (1) P-Kt7, ch, K-Kt1; (2) Kt-Q4!, BxKt; (3) B-B2, B-K4ch; (4) K-B5, BxKt; (5) BxKt, R-K4 ch; (6) K-B6!, R-K5 ch; (7) K-B5, R-KR5; (8) K-Kt5 etc.

Not so easy and only five altogether flawless entries. E. A. Allan, D. E. Cohen, M. P. Furmston, A. J. Sobey, C. Sansom share the prizes.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 410

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 410, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 28 June.



ACROSS

1. Flowers which make a kind of ship sail back (9).
6. Rank character often seen in London (5).
9. I behave violently for religion (5).
10. Runs down an animal in its lairs (9).
11. Problem for a bogus person (5).
12. It doesn't go any further although there are no notes (3, 6).
13. Esther's lover has to make love twice without a penny (9).
15. Pulls back the turf (5).
17. Is abundant as the number in the river (5).
18. Fabrication used to repair a town (9).
19. About the purchase of a translated Latin poem (9).
23. Plant as a detective (5).
25. Plan putting a label in complicated terms (9).
26. Produced books for us without nonsense (5).
27. 'You —— like a comfit-maker's wife' (*K. Henry IV, pt. I*) (5).
28. Ruin the reputation of a chaotic reign in time (9).

DOWN

1. Short or curly (5).
2. When a solemn tie is broken it is an important stage (9).
3. Verse for fertiliser and harvest (9).
4. The country is a state without an inside (5).
5. Garment on an isolated one (9).
6. Infatuation for drink (5).
7. Food for Francis (5).
8. 'O call back ——, bid time return' (*King Richard II*) (9).
13. People in court are compounded of sweet sins (9).
14. Frighten the old and undisciplined (9).
15. Good-for-nothing makes a second visit on a wit (9).
16. Tenets not essential (9).
20. School of its own nature (5).
21. Cover up in the middle of cold periods (5).
22. Fruit for an unlettered Greek (5).
24. Woman pleasant if heartless (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 408

R	I	F	F	R	A	F	F	■	S	T	A	L	L	S
E	■	O	■	E	■	A	■	■	R	■	I	■	C	■
M	A	R	I	G	O	L	D	■	G	A	F	F	E	R
I	■	M	■	R	■	S	■	C	■	V	■	E	■	A
S	W	A	N	A	G	E	■	O	V	E	R	L	A	P
S	■	T	■	D	■	C	■	N	■	L	■	I	■	P
■	■	R	E	C	O	G	N	I	S	A	N	C	E	■
S	■	L	■	■	L	■	I	■	■	E	■	D	■	■
C	R	O	S	S	C	O	U	N	T	R	Y	■	■	■
A	■	N	■	E	■	U	■	G	■	A	■	M	■	B
B	U	G	B	E	A	R	■	T	R	I	P	O	L	I
B	■	L	■	P	■	S	■	O	■	N	■	N	■	N
A	B	A	D	A	N	■	S	W	A	B	B	I	N	G
R	■	N	■	G	■	■	E	■	O	■	C	■	E	■
D	O	D	D	E	R	■	C	R	O	W	B	A	R	S

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 408

Mrs R. Mitchenall (Lee SE12)
John Wilde (Nottingham)
David Leadbetter (London)

COMPANY MEETING

MARKS AND SPENCER LIMITED

TURNOVER EXCEEDS £148,000,000

ACCELERATED EXPANSION AND TRANSFORMATION OF STORES

'ST MICHAEL' THE HALL-MARK OF QUALITY AND VALUE

99% GOODS OF BRITISH MANUFACTURE

The thirty-fourth Annual General Meeting of Marks and Spencer Limited was held on 9 June at 67 Baker Street, London, W1. Sir Simon Marks, DSc, Hon FRCS (Chairman and Joint Managing Director) who presided said:

Ladies and Gentlemen:

May I take it that in accordance with our customary practice, the Directors' Report and Accounts may be taken as read?

General Survey

It is with satisfaction that I am able to report continued progress. Our volume of turnover reached the record figure of £148,000,000 compared with £134,000,000 the previous year, and net profits after taxation have risen to £9,080,000 from £7,700,000 in the previous year.

The impressive advance made by the business during the past decade can be seen in the 10-year statement which has been issued with the accounts. Our policy throughout has been based upon the expansion and modernisation of our stores, the progressive upgrading of St Michael goods and the building up of the goodwill and confidence of our customers.

The cumulative investment we have made over the years has been responsible for a remarkable transformation of the business and our policy will continue to follow the established pattern of development which has shown such satisfactory results.

There is no doubt that the policy of ploughing back profits year by year has enabled the business to grow to its present gratifying position.

During the past year we have completed major projects at 22 stores. So far this year we have in hand 24 substantial new schemes which will be opened during the course of the present year and building operations will be starting shortly at a further 12 stores.

The programme of expansion we envisage during the next three years may involve an investment of the order of £15,000,000. Finance will continue to be drawn mainly from profits retained in the business, but in order to accelerate our building plans for many of the important properties which have yet to be dealt with, we have thought it desirable to secure additional funds. We have therefore arranged with the Prudential Assurance Company to borrow £5,000,000 by means of Debentures.

I believe that we have succeeded in making our stores most invlting and attractive to the public. Their spaciousness provides splendid shopping facilities and creates a beautiful background for St Michael merchandise.

'No Smoking Please'

Last year we pioneered a campaign asking the public to refrain from smoking in our stores because of the serious fire hazard where large numbers of people congregate. 'No Smoking' is a practical precaution which can do much to obviate an unnecessary risk. Where foodstuffs are displayed its unhygienic effects are obvious. It gives me great satisfaction to acknowledge the splendid co-operation of our customers in complying with the request 'No Smoking Please'.

St Michael Garments for all the family

The confidence of the public in our goods has been gained over many years of trading. The growth in the volume of business clearly demonstrates that we have given satisfaction to our customers.

The range and variety of St Michael garments for all the family grows each year to meet the general and wider requirements of the public at prices well within their reach. St Michael is the hallmark of quality and value and our fine goods at inexpensive prices attract 7,000,000 customers to the stores each week. Their goodwill is one of our greatest assets which we prize most dearly.

The Technological approach to Merchandise

There are remarkable changes taking place in the textile field. New man-made fibres and new materials in ever increasing variety have come to swell the ranks of the traditional wool and cotton fabrics. Our technologists keep abreast of this profusion of interesting scientific and technical developments in order to select the most promising fibres which can be converted into desirable fabrics for St Michael garments.

By canalising this exploratory work in our own hands we are able to bring the benefits of technical progress to the customer very quickly.

Food Division

I am pleased to say that there has been a progressive growth in the sales of our Food Division which last year reached £24,500,000. We continue to concentrate mainly upon speciality bakery products and selected and graded fruit.

The painstaking technological work we are carrying out is making a great impact upon our suppliers. They have built new bakeries, enlarged their existing factories and installed modern equipment in order to meet the increasing demand of our public.

The importance of hygiene and cleanliness in the handling, storage and display of foodstuffs at every stage from the factory to the store counter is ever present in our minds.

Costs of Administration and simplification of Procedures

We attach the greatest importance to maintaining control of the costs of operating the business and our success in so doing is continuing to make an important contribution to the profits. By cutting out unnecessary procedures we have simplified the work of the administration both at Head Office and at the stores.

In 1957 we mounted an exhibition of our simplified methods which received considerable publicity not only in the national but also in the international Press. It has already been visited by representatives of over 1,500 commercial and industrial organisations from this country, the Commonwealth, the USA and the Continent. In addition we have had visitors from more than 60 Government Departments and Local Authorities as well as from Hospital Boards and research institutions.

Tribute to Manufacturers

I have on many occasions expressed my appreciation of the valuable co-operation we receive from our suppliers, and the confidence we have in them is shown by the fact that 99% of our goods are of British manufacture. I thank our friends for their splendid work in the past year and look forward to our future progress together.

Tribute to Staff

It is my pleasure once again to ask you to join me in thanking the staff, both at Head Office and in the stores, for their devoted work.

Our continual concern for their welfare is amply repaid by their warm response. A loyal and contented staff is one of the greatest assets any business can have and I am glad to say that we have been able once again to reward their efforts by substantial increases in wages.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

MARKS AND SPENCER LIMITED

10 *YEAR STATEMENT*

YEAR ENDED 31 MARCH

	1951	1952	1953	1954	1955	1956	1957	1958	1959	1960
	£	£	£	£	£	£	£	£	£	£
TURNOVER	65,836,000	75,856,000	86,931,000	94,806,000	108,375,000	119,400,000	125,012,000	130,429,000	134,449,000	148,023,000
PROFIT BEFORE TAXATION	6,082,000	4,996,000	6,741,000	7,867,000	9,268,000	10,130,000	12,806,000	14,143,000	15,059,000	17,806,000
TAXATION	3,525,000	2,690,000	4,275,000	4,850,000	4,800,000	5,175,000	7,200,000	7,950,000	7,350,000	8,725,0000
NET PROFIT AFTER TAXATION	2,557,000	2,306,000	2,466,000	3,017,000	4,468,000	4,955,000	5,606,000	6,193,000	7,709,000	9,081,000
DIVIDENDS (NET)	937,000	1,005,000	1,282,000	1,675,000	2,365,000	2,660,000	3,181,000	3,441,000	4,132,000	5,384,000
FUNDS RETAINED IN THE BUSINESS										
PROFIT RETAINED	1,570,000	1,251,000	1,071,000	1,242,000	1,983,000	2,145,000	2,230,000	2,352,000	3,277,000	3,527,000
DEPRECIATION	733,000	714,000	765,000	794,000	660,000	693,000	876,000	904,000	944,000	943,000

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Cost 6s. per line (average six words) minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Semi-display giving greater prominence 90s. per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post can normally be inserted same week. N.S., Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Telephone HOLborn 8471.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

BBC has following VACANCIES (British subjects) in London:—

AFRICAN SERVICES

WEST AFRICAN PROGRAMME ORGANISER (Reference 60.G.288 N.Stm) for daily broadcast programmes in English and Hausa to West Africa.

SOMALI PROGRAMME ORGANISER (Reference 60.G.289 N.Stm) for daily broadcast programmes in Somali to the Horn of Africa.

Duties include planning and production of programmes, supervision and co-ordination of duties of programme staff engaged on translation and delivering of news bulletins, and on writing, translation, production and broadcasting of talks, commentaries and feature programmes.

Qualifications. Wide general knowledge of international and African affairs. Journalistic experience, recent first-hand knowledge of territories concerned and their peoples, knowledge of broadcasting and of the appropriate language would be advantages. Salary £1,395 p.a. (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,770 max. p.a.

PROGRAMME ASSISTANT, EAST AFRICAN SECTION (Reference 60.G.290 N.Stm)

PROGRAMME ASSISTANT, SOMALI SECTION (Reference 60.G.291 N.Stm) Duties include writing, adaptation and production of talks and feature programmes for transmission in English and Swahili or Somali (as applicable). Qualifications: Journalistic and broadcasting experience an advantage. Keen interest in and knowledge of African and international affairs. Recent experience in at least one of the appropriate territories and good knowledge of Swahili or Somali essential. Salary £1,230 p.a. (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,580 max. p.a.

FRENCH AFRICAN SERVICE

FRENCH AFRICAN PROGRAMME ORGANISER (Reference 60.G.292 N.Stm) for daily broadcast programme in French to French-speaking territories of West and Equatorial Africa. Duties include planning and production of programmes, supervision and co-ordination of duties of programme staff concerned with translation and broadcasting of news bulletins, talks, commentaries and feature programmes. Qualifications: Wide general knowledge of international and African affairs and excellent command of written and spoken French. Journalistic or broadcasting experience and first-hand knowledge of some of the territories concerned and their peoples would be advantages. Salary £1,395 p.a. (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,770 max. p.a.

PROGRAMME ASSISTANT, FRENCH AFRICAN SERVICE (Reference 60.G.293 N.Stm)

Duties include writing, adaptation, production and broadcasting of talks commentaries and feature programmes for transmission to audiences in French-speaking territories of West and Equatorial Africa.

Qualifications: High standard of written and spoken French essential. Journalistic and broadcasting experience, interest in international and African affairs and knowledge of some of the territories concerned, would be advantages. Salary £1,230 p.a. (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,580 max. p.a.

Requests for application forms (including addressed envelope for reply), quoting post or posts desired and their reference numbers, should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

ST PANCRAS BOROUGH COUNCIL
APPOINTMENT OF ASSISTANT CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN

Applications invited for above appointment from persons having passed at least one Part of Registration Exam. of Library Assn. APT Grade I – £610-£765 plus London weighting allowance. Candidates must have had good experience of modern children's library methods and activities. Applicants must disclose if related to any member or senior officer of the Council. Canvassing disqualifies. No housing. Applications by letter with names of three referees by 27 June.

R. C. E. AUSTIN, Town Clerk.
St Pancras Town Hall,
Euston Rd, London, NW1.

BAKER St. Best posts at Astor Agency, 231 Baker St, NW1. WELbeck 3582.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SENIOR PRISON WELFARE OFFICERS

Applications are invited from trained social workers (men or women) with some administrative experience for appointments at HM Prisons, Pentonville, Wandsworth and Brixton in accordance with the recommendations of the Maxwell Report (HM Stationery Office Cmd.8879 price 2s. 3d.). Present salary £985 with four annual increments to £1,090.

Also appointments as

PRISON WELFARE OFFICERS

at HM Prisons, Wormwood Scrubs, Lancaster and Stafford. Present salary £775 (age 29 and above) with six annual increments to £940. Provincial rates are £30 less.

Further details and application forms (which must be returned by 30 June) from General Secretary, NADPAS, 66 Eccleston Square, London, SW1.

THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS
Department of Social Studies

Applications are invited from suitably qualified graduates for temporary appointment as Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in Public Administration in the Department of Social Studies at a salary on the revised scale £1,050 × £50 – £1,400 × £75 – £1,850 (efficiency bar probably at £1,550), a year for a Lecturer, or within the range £800-£950 a year for an Assistant Lecturer, according to age, qualifications and experience. The appointment will be made for one year from October, 1960. Applications (three copies) stating date of birth, qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than 8 July 1960.

UNIVERSITY OF HULL

Applications are invited for the post of ASSISTANT BUILDINGS OFFICER. Candidates with architectural or engineering qualifications and administrative experience preferred but graduates with appropriate experience will be considered. Salary scale £1,050-£1,550 p.a. with FSSU and children's allowances. Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned to whom applications (5 copies) and the names of three referees should be submitted not later than 30 June 1960.

W. D. CRAIG, Registrar.

UNIVERSITY OF NOTTINGHAM
DEPARTMENT OF EXTRA-MURAL STUDIES

Applications are invited for appointment as ASSISTANT TUTOR OR TUTOR IN ENGLISH LITERATURE. The person appointed will be required to assist in the development of Extra-Mural work in Lincoln and to live in that city. The appointment will be made, according to qualifications and experience, in the grade of Assistant Lecturer (£800 × £50 to £950) or Lecturer (£1,050 to £1,475 (efficiency bar) to £1,850), with membership of the Universities Superannuation System and children's allowances. Conditions of Appointment and Form of Application to be returned by 30 June 1960, from the Registrar.

NEWBATTLE ABBEY COLLEGE OF RESIDENTIAL ADULT EDUCATION
DALKEITH, MIDLOTHIAN

Applications are invited for the post of Tutor in the general field of Philosophy to take up appointment 1 October 1960, or as soon thereafter as possible; Qualifications and experience in teaching a second subject (e.g. Political Science, Literature) will be an advantage. The post is resident and accommodation will be provided. Salary £650 × £50 to £1,350; point of entry according to qualifications and experience.

Forms of application, which should be returned not later than 30 June 1960, may be obtained from T. M. JINKINS, WS, Clerk to the Governors, 20 Castle Street, Edinburgh 2, who can also provide further details regarding the appointment.

KODAK Ltd require advertising copywriter. Experience not necessary but evidence of writing ability must be sent with application to Personnel Department, (125), Kodak Ltd, Harrow, Middlesex.

EXPERIENCED social worker, for case work with difficult families, required on part-time basis. Sal. £300 p.a. For further parties apply The Secretary, Bath Council of Social Service, 6 Bath St, Bath.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

WEST RIDING COUNTY COUNCIL
GRANTLEY HALL ADULT COLLEGE,
NR RIPON

Applications are invited from suitably qualified men and women for the post of Deputy Warden at Grantley Hall, this Authority's residential adult college near Ripon. The College holds courses in a wide variety of subjects and the Deputy Warden will act for the Warden as required, will be required to lecture, lead discussion groups and play a prominent part in the activities of the College. He/she should be well qualified academically and have a keen interest in adult education. Salary in accordance with the Burnham Scale plus full board residence and most attractive rooms in the College. Further particulars and application forms which should be returned within 2 weeks of this advertisement obtainable from:

The Warden, Grantley Hall, nr Ripon.

NAPSBURY HOSPITAL,
NR ST ALBANS, HERTS

Applications are invited for the post OF ASSISTANT-HEAD OCCUPATIONAL THERAPIST Grade 2. There is an established staff of Head, Assistant-Head, four Seniors and thirteen Assistants, qualified Occupational Therapists, distributed over various treatment centres, community wards and group programmes. Consultations with Doctors, Nurses, Social Workers is well established and re-habilitation and re-settlement is the aim of all treatment and activities. Salary in accordance with Whitley Council recommendations. Please write to the Group Secretary for further details and application forms which must be returned by 30 June 1960.

MID HERTS GROUP HOSPITAL MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE
HIGH WICK,
TYTTENHANGER, NEAR ST ALBANS, HERTS.

CHILD PSYCHOTHERAPIST (non-medical) full-time or part-time required for work with psychotic and severely neurotic children aged 4-11 at the above Unit within reasonable distance of Central London. Candidates may be required to participate in training house staff. Whitley Council salary and conditions of service. Applications stating age, qualifications and experience and naming two references to Dr George Stroh, Consultant Psychiatrist-in-Charge.

LINGFIELD HOSPITAL SCHOOL FOR EPILEPTIC CHILDREN,
LINGFIELD, SURREY

CHILDREN'S HOMES. Women required as Nurse Attendants in Epileptic Children's Homes in rural Surrey, one hour's journey from London; buses from nearby towns. Definite interest in Child Welfare and Management required. Salary £232 per annum (£19 6s. 8d. per month) plus board residence, laundry and uniform. Apply: THE MEDICAL SUPERINTENDENT, Lingfield Hospital School, Lingfield, Surrey. (Dept NS.)

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL – CHILDREN'S COMMITTEE

An attractive residential post occurs for a single or married woman as Deputy Warden at Forest Lodge, Sherwood Rise, Nottingham, a Hostel for fourteen girls in employment. Applicants should have ability to handle adolescent girls with sympathy, warmth and understanding. Salary: £532 × £20 to £592 p.a. plus special responsibility allowance of £24 p.a. less £144 p.a. for board and lodging. Additional payment of £30 p.a. for possession of approved qualification. Write to Mrs M. R. Spence, Children's Officer, Shire Hall, Nottingham, for application form and further particulars, quoting Est. 160.

A. R. DAVIS,
Clerk of the County Council.

WORKERS' EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION

DEPUTY GENERAL SECRETARY

Applications are invited for this post. Salary according to qualifications and experience on scale £1,400 x £75 x £1,700 a year. For application form and further particulars send stamped addressed foolscap envelope to the General Secretary, Workers' Educational Association, 27 Portman Square, London, W1. Closing date for receipt of applications, 9 July.

RESIDENT Assistant wanted for supervision of small group French/English pupils at Co-educational Summer school 1 July to middle August, part town, part country. Town & Country School, 38 Eton Ave., NW3.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIQUE LITERARY OPENING

University Microfilms Ltd, of London and Ann Arbor, Michigan, have career opening for young man to study academic microfilming and re-issue of out-of-print books by new electrostatic process. Over 70 publishers now co-operating. After training applicant would work closely with national and technical libraries, handling outside sales activities. A unique opening for man in early twenties with strong literary inclination. Apply The Manager, University Microfilms Ltd, 44 Great Queen Street, London, WC2.

UNIVERSITY of Hong Kong. Lectureship in Geography. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned post. Applicants should possess at least a good honours degree in Geography and preference will be given to candidates with experience of teaching geography in a university department. The successful applicant will be required to lecture in Geomorphology up to Honours Degree Standard and preference will be given to candidates who are also able to assist with the teaching of either Meteorology and Climatology or alternatively in Economic Geography. In addition, some assistance with the Regional and Practical Geography Courses will be expected. Annual salary (superannuable) is £1,575 × £50 – £2,175 for a man or £1,200 × £40 – £1,680 for a woman. There is also an expatriation allowance of £225 a year if applicable. The equivalent of income tax in the Colony is comparatively low. First class sea passages are provided for expatriate staff and their families on first appointment and leaves. Accommodation at reasonable rental is provided for those receiving expatriation allowance. The successful applicant will be required to take up his/her duty as soon as possible. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Hong Kong and London, on 31 July 1960.

UNIVERSITY of Cape Town. Senior Lecturer in Commerce. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned post. Candidates should have had a thorough training in Economics and competence in Statistics is desirable. They should specify any special qualification they may possess in one or more of the following subjects: Business Administration and Finance; Industrial Administration; Marketing and Statistics. Preference will be given to candidates with special qualifications in Business or Industrial Administration. Practical experience as a business executive will be an advantage. The salary scale is £1,760 x 60—42,060 per annum. The successful applicant will be expected to assume duty on 1 February 1961, or as soon as possible thereafter. Applications (with copies of testimonials) should state age, qualifications, experience and research work completed or in progress, and give the names of two referees whom the University may consult. Two copies of the application should be sent to the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1 (from whom further particulars should be obtained) by 22 July 1960. A third copy should be sent direct by airmail to the Registrar, University of Cape Town, Private Bag, Rondebosch, Cape Town, South Africa, to reach him by the same date. The University reserves the right to appoint a person other than one of the applicants or to make no appointment.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Lectureship in History. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position. Candidates should have special qualifications in Modern European History. The salary for a Lecturer is within the range £A1,500-90-£2,100 per annum, plus cost of living adjustments and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. (The current scale of salaries is at present under review). The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 22 July 1960.

THE University of Liverpool. Applications are invited for the post of Research Lecturer in the Department of Social Science: Candidates should hold Honours degree and postgraduate qualification in Sociology or Social Science and should have experience as a leader or member of a team in social research. The initial salary for a Research Lecturer will be within the range £1,050-£1,250 per annum, according to age, qualifications and experience. Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, and quoting reference number CV/NS, should be received not later than 30 June 1960, by the Registrar, from whom further particulars of the conditions of appointment may be obtained.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY College of the West Indies. Applications are invited for appointment to research staff of the Institute of Social and Economic Research from persons with qualifications in Economics; Statistics; Sociology; or Government and Politics. Investigations may be made in any part of the British Caribbean territories. Salary scales (under review): Junior Research Fellow £950 x 50 – £1,050 p.a.; Research Fellow £1,150 x 50 – 1,450 x 75 – £1,900 p.a.; Senior Research Fellow £1,500 x 75 – £2,250 p.a. Child allowance. FSSU. Unfurnished accommodation at rent 5% basic salary or allowance in lieu. Duties to be assumed as early as possible. Appointment for 3 years in first instance. Passages for appointee and family (maximum 5 passages). Detailed applications (6 copies) naming 3 referees by 10 July 1960 to Secretary, Inter-University Council for Higher Education Overseas, 29 Woburn Square, London, WC1, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

UNIVERSITY of Queensland. Lecturer in English Language. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position. Applicants should possess a good Honours Degree in English and should either hold a higher degree or be actively engaged in research work leading to a higher degree. A special interest in the English Language, including the grammar of modern English is also desirable. Salary £A1,540/£A2,040 p.a. Salaries are at present under review. Further particulars and application forms are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 30 June 1960.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Research Assistant in the Department of the History of Art for work in connection with the Whitworth Art Gallery. Previous experience is not required but an honours degree or academic diploma in the History of Art is essential. Applications are acceptable from students who are taking final examinations this session. The appointment is for one year from 1 October 1960, and may be renewed for a further year. The salary of £600 per annum (at present under review) carries membership of Children's Allowance Scheme and may be considered for membership of the FSSU. Applications should be sent not later than 6 July 1960 to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in Social Administration. The person appointed will be required to undertake research and to assist in the teaching of social administration with special reference to the problems and organisation of the Hospital Service. Duties to commence on 1 October 1960. Salary on a scale £1,050 to £1,850 per annum with membership of the FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than 4 July 1960 to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

WANTED two girls to assist generally. Woodlands Holiday Camp, Nr Sevenoaks, Kent.

C & A SUMMER SALE

TEMPORARY Selling Staff and Showroom Helpers required to work Part-time during our June Sale. No experience necessary as training given. Good rates of pay, plus generous commission for selling staff. Staff restaurant.

Apply to Miss Cartwright, Personnel Officer,

C & A MODES LIMITED
(Marble Arch Branch)
501/519, Oxford Street, W.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Senior Lecturer or Lecturer in Economic History (with special reference to the period between 1500 and 1800). Preference will be given to candidates who have a special interest in European Economic History. Salary scales per annum: Senior Lecturer, £1,925 to £2,325; Lecturer, £1,050 to £1,850. Initial salary and status according to qualifications and experience. Membership of the FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than 25 June 1960, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in Government (with special reference to Africa, the Middle East or the Indian area). Salary Scales: Lecturer £1,050 to £1,850; Assistant Lecturer: £800 to £950 per annum. Membership of FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than 27 June 1960, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

LONDON County Council. Collingwood School, York Grove, Queens Road, SE15 (1,120 girls, 11-17). Five and six year courses, including RSA, Commercial, Pre-nursing, Retail Distribution and GCE 'O' level, English to 'A' level. September: (1) Master/mistress for Commerce. (Scale II £150). (2) Head of Department, Music (£150). Sound musician interested in all branches of school music, including instrumental work (strings and recorders). Apply on form TS.9 (S.R.) obtainable from the Education Officer (stamped addressed envelope) (TS2/NS/1607/6), County Hall, SE1, and returnable to the headmistress at the school.

LONDON County Council. Dick Sheppard School, Tulse Hill, SW2 (well-established GCE courses; new secondary school for over 1,100 girls, 11-18, with large sixth form). Married Women Graduates whose family responsibilities now allow them sufficient freedom are invited to apply for part-time teaching, in September 1960. Subjects: Mathematics, General Science, English, Commerce. Successful applicants will be appointed to the Council's temporary salaried teaching staff. Apply to the Headmistress at the school quoting (TS.2/NS/1605/6).

HERTFORDSHIRE County Council. Dacorum College of Further Education, Field Road, Longlands, Hemel Hempstead, Herts. Boxmoor 4581/2. (1) Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Grade B, for Shorthand and Typewriting. Proficiency in Book-keeping would be an advantage. To commence September 1960. Further particulars and application forms can be obtained from the Principal. (2) Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Grade A, commencing September 1960 to teach English in the various Departments of the College. Candidates who should be graduates may obtain application forms and further particulars from the Principal.

FAMILY Welfare Association needs Family Caseworkers. Social Science Certificate or Sociology Degree plus professional casework training and/or good casework experience required. Salary scale £550 x £25 to £825. Senior caseworkers in charge of Area Offices also required. Salary scale £900-£1,000. Appointment on salary scales in both cases according to experience. Superannuation Scheme, 4 weeks holiday p.a., five day week plus opportunity for consultation and professional development. Application in writing to: Organising Secretary, FWA, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, SW1.

SENIOR Clinical Psychologist reqd for four sessions per week in the Dept of Psychological Medicine at the Hospital for Sick Children, Gt Ormond St, WC1. Dept gives opportunity of work with many unusual kinds of children, inc. psychotic and brain-damaged. There are already a principal and two senr Psychologists. Apply in writing to Hse Governor by 30 June 1960.

THE Dartford School of Nursing. Situated within easy reach of Central London – 30 minutes by train or coach. General training for resident or non-resident Student Nurses with up-to-date facilities. Three year course with study block system and 4 weeks' leave each year. Pleasant and comfortable Homes with good recreational facilities. School terms commence February, June and October. A visit may be paid to the School and the hospitals by appointment. Applications or requests for further information to the Matron, Joyce Green Hospital, or the Matron, The West Hill Hospital, Dartford, Kent.

MIDDLESEX County Council. Education Committee. Required 1 September, Peripatetic Remedial Teacher to work in close co-operation School Psychological Service, London Burnham, Graded post £90 p.a. for suitably qualified and experienced candidate. Permanent, subject satisfactory medical assessment. Application forms (s.a.e.) from Borough Education Officer, Philip Lane, Tottenham, N15, returnable in 14 days.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ASSISTANT Governors (men): Prison and Borstal Service. About 15 pensionable posts for men at least 21 on 1.3.60 with good general education, who can fill responsible positions and are genuinely interested in reformative work with boys and men. Salary (London) £915 (at 25 or under) to £1,070 (30 or over) rising to £1,195. Free accommodation or allowance in lieu (up to £150). Promotion prospects. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1 for application form, quoting 166/60. Closing date 30 June 1960.

ASSISTANT Matron required for relief duties. London County Council requires an assistant matron for relief duties in emergencies arising at residential establishments through the absence of senior staff. Person selected would have permanent single quarters at one of six large homes, probably in South-East London, but would be required to reside temporarily at any other establishment, while acting as relief. Previous experience of resident child care work in a supervisory capacity, including domestic arrangements, essential. Possession of Home Office Certificate in Child Care (Residential) desirable. Salary within the range £580-25-605-20-665 according to qualifications and experience, less £134 14s. for board, lodging and laundry. Application forms from the Children's Officer (E1/NS/1572/6), The County Hall, Westminster Bridge, SE1, returnable by 30 June 1960.

RESIDENT Matron-Nurse required end August or by arrangement, preferably 23 to 40, interested in the care and welfare of delicate (including some emotionally disturbed) children, ages 6 to 10, at a Home-School specially planned for this purpose. Experience with children essential, with some nursing training or experience. No housekeeping, no teaching. 9 staff share duties. Scope for imaginative individual work. Salary according to experience or SEAN £430-£550 or NNEB £458-£598. Good accommodation. Superannuable post. Open to any denomination. Applications, stating age, previous experience and enclosing testimonials to the Headmistress, Jewish Fresh Air Home & School, Delamere, Norley, Cheshire.

FOUNTAIN Hospital, London, SW17. Applications are invited for the post of single-handed Speech Therapist to the above hospital and associated units (800 beds) for mentally subnormal children. Salary £455 to £735 per annum, according to experience, plus London weighting. Applications, giving full particulars of qualifications and experience to the Secretary, Fountain Hospital, Tooting Grove, London, SW17.

APPLICATIONS are invited for a Clinical Psychologist in the Fountain Hospital and associated units (800 beds). The work includes the examination of mentally and physically handicapped children, the rehabilitation of adults (two industrial units are run) and research related to the education of subnormal children with opportunities for individual research. Salary £735 (at age 25) to £1,050 plus London weighting. Whitley Council conditions. Applications with details of qualifications and experience and the names of two referees should be sent by 25 June to the Secretary, Fountain Hospital, Tooting Grove, London, SW17.

POWICK Hospital, Near Worcester. Applications are invited for the post of Social Worker (two vacancies) from candidates holding a University Degree or Social Science Diploma. Salary £515 p.a. at age 27, rising to £785. The staff of the Social Work Department consists of 2 Psychiatric Social Workers, 2 Social Workers and 2 trainees. The hospital has 1,000 patients and all forms of treatment are practised on an eclectic basis. There are 8 out-patient clinics, 2 out-patient Social Therapy Clubs and a residential hostel in Malvern for patients going out to work. One post is suitable for an experienced Social Worker wishing to undertake long-term work, and the other for a candidate wishing to gain experience in the mental health field. Candidates are invited to visit the hospital by arrangement with the Medical Superintendent, to whom applications should be addressed.

OPPORTUNITY and training offered by national newspaper to young cartoonist interested politics. Box 5263.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SEVERALLS Hospital, Colchester, Essex. Applications are invited for the post of Clinical Psychologist (Probationary Grade) in the Psychology Department of this 1,885 bed hospital engaged in the treatment of neurotic and psychotic illness. The Psychology Department contributes to the diagnosis and assessment of both in-patients and out-patients and is concerned in the teaching and research activities of the hospital. The post is suitable for a recent graduate, holding an honours degree in psychology, who wishes to enter the National Health Service. Salary and conditions of service will be in accordance with PTA Circular No. 72: £580 x £25 – £680 during probationary period, then £735 x £35 – £1,050. Further particulars may be obtained from the Senior Psychologist, and applications, including the names of two referees, should be sent to the Group Secretary, Severalls Hospital, Colchester, Essex.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker or Social Worker, preferably with experience of children and mental deficiency practice, required for Fountain and Queen Mary's Hospitals and the ancillary units (900 beds). Clerical assistance provided. Salary scale for qualified PSW at age 27 £610 p.a. rising to £845 plus London weighting, and for Social Worker at age 27 £515 p.a. rising to £785 plus London weighting. Applications with full particulars of training and experience and names and addresses of two referees to be sent to Secretary, Fountain Hospital, Tooting Grove, London, SW17.

NATIONAL Marriage Guidance Council. Applications are invited for the appointment of a well-qualified assistant (man or woman) to the Education Secretary, primarily for organising and tutorial duties, some travelling. Starting salary £800/£950, according to qualifications and/or experience in education or social science. Children's allowance and superannuation scheme. Application form and details from the Education Secretary, National Marriage Guidance Council, 78 Duke St, Grosvenor Square, London, W1.

AN ASSISTANT Press Officer is required by the Council of Industrial Design. The duties will include press campaign planning and article writing as well as writing press releases and dealing with press enquiries. Candidates should be aged 25-35, and must have a good educational background preferably with a degree, a keen interest in industrial design and suitable journalistic or press relations experience. The starting salary will be according to qualifications and experience in the range £905-£1,210 (men). Women are approaching equal pay. Apply for further details and application form to The Recruitment Officer, CoID, 28 Haymarket, London, SW1.

DIRECTOR (Male or Female) reqd to develop & control proposed Flats & Furn. Rooms' Division of well-known London agency business. Excellent salary & ¼ share profits. Solicitors' agreement. Investment £750-£1,000. Details, please, of age, experience & present salary to Box 5320.

EXECUTIVE Assistant required for national committee concerned with educational aspects of TV. Salary in range £650-£750. Brief particulars of age, education and experience required. Fullest particulars to applicants invited for interview. Box 5322.

YOUNG Leaders. Two leaders are required by Manchester University Settlement for work in its clubs. Applicants should be qualified and experienced in youth work, including work with those of school age. Further details from the Secretary, University Settlement, 20 Every Street, Manchester 4.

NURSES (SRN and SEN) wanted for Jewish Old Age Homes, London. Salary Whitley Scale or higher. Every comfort provided. Box 5367.

ASSISTANT Matron House Mother required London Co-Educational School, experienced, understanding and interested in working independently. Box 5118.

PART-time tutors in English required for Continental Students, Denmark Hill, London, SE5. 15 hours weekly mornings only, £4 4s. per week. Box 4922.

ONE ARTS GRADUATE
required in
PUBLICITY DEPARTMENT

This is a new appointment for a recent graduate, male or female, in an old established engineering concern. The work is exciting and exacting in all publicity fields. The candidate selected must have an immense capacity for hard work, the ability to work under pressure and show evidence of mechanical aptitude.

Write Box NS.345
c/o 191 Gresham House, E.C.2.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

EXPERIMENTAL Youth Project (not club). Men and women field workers required in London, on 1 Sept. Experience with young people essen. Salary £800-£850. Write, stating qualifications, to Box 5261.

SECRETARY/Research Assistant required by Merchant House for Commodity Research Department. Commencing salary £750 p.a. L.V.'s. 5 day week. Non-contrib. pension scheme. Write to Box 5381.

GUILD of Insurance Officials has vacancies for—1, Experienced Shorthand-Typist. 2, Accounts Clerk. 3, Telephonist/General Clerk (small switchboard). Applicants must be willing to fit in with team and undertake variety of routine office duties. 5 day week. Good holidays and conditions. Apply General Secretary, GIO, 24 Railway Approach, London Bridge, SE1.

MOTHER'S Help – Young family from overseas holidaying in Brighton seek Mother's Help for summer holidays from July for children aged 5 and 3. Please write to Box NS.297, c/o 191 Gresham House, EC2.

USA: From New York to California there are opportunities for Mother's Helps, Maids, Cooks and Couples with American families. £50 p.m. Passage advanced. Bonus scheme. Apply Transcontinental, 171a High Street, Beckenham, Kent. Tel.: Beckenham 2344.

PERSONAL secretary required by two directors of young publishing house producing monthly glossy and several annual books. Graduate, twenties, cheerful, responsible, hardworking. Write Miss Church, Cornmarket Press, 1 Lower James St, W1.

THE Association of Scientific Workers, a trade union organising staffs in scientific employment, requires a Shorthand Typist Secretary. Accurate work essential, previous trade union experience and knowledge of Committee procedure useful. Five-day week, some evening Committee work. Commencing salary £11 2s 6d. per week. Write giving details, age and previous experience to Assistant Secretary, 15 Half Moon Street, London, W1

SHORTHAND-Typist required for Education Department of large organisation in the Westminster District; five-day week; good salary; holidays, etc. Please write for interview, stating age and experience to Box 5306.

YOUNG secretary wanted for interesting and varied work in Production & Artists Dept of Classical Gramophone Record Co. in London, SW3. Please write Box 5375.

BOOK publisher reqs secretary. Interesting. Shorthand/typing, aptitude some figure work essential. Hol. by arrangement. Peter Owen, 50 Old Brompton Rd, SW7.

TEMP. German/English translator with gd typing speed reqd for work Travel Agency, W1. Gd hours & salary. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0677.

TYPIST with experience of Dictaphone required for the Students' Union, King's College, London. Hours 9-3 p.m. for a 35-week year. (School holidays free). Salary £7 per week. Please apply, stating education and exper. to the Hon. Secretary, King's College Union, Surrey St, WC2.

TEMPORARY Secretary and temporary Copy-typist, gd speeds, for educational institute WC1. Hrs 9.30-5. Gd sal. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0677.

BI-LINGUAL, Dutch-English Secretary, to work in Rotterdam. High salary. Apply Sybil Topham, Dutton's Agency, MUSeum 7379.

SEC. 21/26 with reception duties for internat. dept of advertising agency. Good appearance & speeds. £11-£12 10s. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

TENNIS at Wimbledon. Cricket at Lord's but tea, a chat and a job at Winifred Johnson's Bureau, 114 Holborn, EC1, (Next door to Gamages) HOLborn 0390, for temporary or permanent jobs.

SECRETARY (female) for congenial office connected with the arts. Apply in writing stating age, experience, and salary required. Box 5408.

TELEPHONIST reqd for summer months Holiday Relief work through Stella Fisher Fisher Bureau, 436 Strand, London, WC2. TEM 6644.

THE Better job for the Better girl. Contact Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes St, Hanover Sq., W1 (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

SHORTHAND-Typist (also office work) required for small office (Export) near King's Cross. Full- or part-time. Any sex, race, age. Box 5131.

SYBIL Topham interviews personally all applicants for progressive and interesting secretarial posts. Dutton's Agency, 92 Gt Russell St, London, WC1. MUSeum 7379.

INTELLIGENT Secretary with or without Shorthand for editorial Dept of Trade Paper. Excellent salary Savoy Agency, 487 Oxford St, W1. MAY. 6336.

APPOINTMENT WANTED

INTELLIGENT, capable widow (30) with baby, wishes housekeep for civilised household. Trained cook, experienced driver. Excellent references. Box 5290.

PERSONAL

FOULNESS ANTI-NUCLEAR DEMONSTRATORS

in Holloway Prison want friends and sympathisers to know how very grateful they are for the many letters, cards and flowers received. Regulations prevent their reading most of the letters until their release in November, but they hope to answer then.

Owing to expansion

NON-PROFESSIONAL LONDON THEATRICAL COMPANY

has VACANCIES for acting members, musicians and technical staff. Forthcoming productions include pantomime (original book), Shakespeare and The Rose Tattoo. Box 5302.

WIFE, two daughters of Swedish trades union economist wish to live with London socialist family for four weeks June to September. Husband for one week. Possible exchange visit. Box 5368.

TEHERAN Engineer (Indian-Jewish), Irish wife & 3 model children need flat/house in/nr London, 8 July-4 Aug. Mod. rent please (expen. medical treatment reqd for child). GER. 6501 10-5.30, WOR 3029 eve.

WOMAN in her sixties invites another of similar years to share her home, one hour N of London. Interests: outdoor & generally cultural. Active. Box 5275.

TRIO seeks Violinist to complete it and for solo work. Good student/young professional, willing to give time and enthusiasm. Reasonable distance Ilford or Hampstead. Box 5278.

A DANISH student (schoolmistress) seeks holiday-job, nursing, light hsework etc. 1 July-20 Aug. She wants to study Eng. lang. and customs as 'au pair'. Anna Marie Ericksen, Orten Skole, pr. Varde, Denmark.

WOULD Stained-glass Artist consider voluntary apprentice? Lady, own car. London. Box 5342.

OVER 25's Social/Dance Club, West End. S.a.e. Mr M. Whelan, 36 First Ave, W3.

WANTED: August, house/flat in Paris or area. Moderate price. Box 5426.

LARGE studio Hampstead, London, in exchange studio or accom. country or seaside one to three months. Manhatten, 24 Ansdell Terrace, Kensington, W8.

FOSTER home wanted, for approximately one year, from August, for pleasant girl (18), clerical worker with toddler, where child can be cared for during day or convenient day nursery. Write Mrs Miller, National Children's Home, Highbury Park, N5.

SCHOOLMASTER would give free tuition C.E. or 11 plus, return pleasant holiday surroundings, no food, can drive car, good with children. Box 4924.

EMG Hand-made Acoustic Gramophone Mark Xa for sale. Excellent condition: suit collector historic 78s. Any reasonable offer. Also Pye Black Box (3-speed) single record player. Box 5286.

WRITER, expd poetry, rabbit snaring, trout fishing; convalescent, seeks far job here. Anything considered. Box 5288.

GUITAR Lessons. Classical. Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Road, SW10. FLA. 4354.

CHILDREN'S summer holiday school. Every care. Trained staff. Write: Principal, 18 Callis Court Road, Broadstairs, Kent. Telephone Thanet 62783.

A LIVELY, intelligent Catholic girl, aged ten, of Portugese parentage badly needs a family to befriend her; she is at boarding school in Kent, and would be much helped by a family who would take care of her regularly during holidays, and keep in touch with her during term. If you think you could help please write to the Area Children's Officer (WDO/NS/1646/6), London County Council, 239 Balham High Road, SW17.

YOU can speak Italian effortlessly in 3 months. Details: Setogni, WEL. 6655.

LET us turn your old gold into 'brass' to help refugees (£10,000 already raised from old spectacle frames, broken jewellery, watches, pens, dentures etc.). Any saleable articles from cameras to candlesticks equally welcome. Send to: 'Gift Aid', Oxford Committee for Famine Relief, 17 Broad St, Oxford.

MATHS, Latin. Tutor gives private tuition to GCE. Box 5127.

OXFORD College in delightful surroundings has accommodation for 30 to 60 unexpectedly available for Conference or Summer School, end of July and beginning of August. Apply Oxford 55920.

UNIVERSITY Women's Club, 2 Audley Square, W1, has a few vacancies for town members. Apply to the Secretary.

ARE you impatient when old traditions delay the application of modern knowledge to human problems? You will meet kindred spirits in the Progressive League (N2), 20 Buckingham Street, London, WC2.

PLANNED Families Booklet free. Write Court Surgical Stores Ltd., 12 Marriott's Court, Manchester.

PERSONAL—continued

LECTURER (Engl.) desires London flat/flatlet, s.c., during July. F., c/o Klinkott, Fridwilhelms 13, Bremen.

SEAT in car to Russia, August. £70 round trip. Box 5365.

EXCHANGE wanted by Swiss boy 15 for July; take Eng. boy back Aug. Write Martin, Quai de la Gare 7, Lausanne.

SOUTH of France by car leaving 15 July. £12 per head return. KEN. 7352.

4-ROOM Mediterranean villa, South Tunisia, to let furn. 5 July to 10 Sept. Rent £6 wkly incl. elec. Box 5440.

ONE seat available in car to Russia July/August. Box 5237.

YNG wom. 25, sks another to find & share unf. flat. MOU. 2285 aft. 6.30.

SUCCESSFUL technical author gives individual tuition: Articles, Books, Pamphlets, Specifications. Box 5164.

JUNE/July Programme, free on request, 'Young Individualists'. Apply Secretary, 55 Park Lane, London, W1.

BRAZIERS, Ipsden, Oxon: 8-11 July. 'Readings from T. de Chardin' & 'Painting & Sketching'; also from 4 July 'Italian-English Holiday Course.' Send card for full list.

WRITER wants London pied-à-terre. Airy, quiet, unscruffy, sensibly-lit room. Could provide own worktable, bed, chair. May occasionally type through night. Use of phone, toilet. Own latchkey. Bachelor menage preferred. Box 5281.

MOSAIC Tables, Bathroom and Garden Decorations. Individual designs, directly from Artist's workshop. Box 5283.

BUSINESS man wishes to meet person with ideas in Electronics or other fields with a view to production and partnership. Box 5179.

WOULD you like to come with us to the Dalmatian Coast? We want to make up 16 men and girls for a cheap summer holiday. £29 10s all-in. Box 4990.

ACTORS (amateur) required for Shakespearian, 16th and 17th century drama. Well est. group, professional director. C. London. High standard. Details: Box NS 496 LPE, Romano House, 399/401 Strand, London, WC2.

FOREIGN girls, domest./willing avail (1) 'au pair' (2) req. free board & lodg. in exch. 4 hrs help (3) also paying stn. contrib. f. bd & lodg. and offer 2 hrs help Eductour 10 Exhibition Rd SW7 KEN 8806

HOLIDAYS in woodland property (800 ft) Chilterns; English children (ages 6-16) welcomed to mix with small group children from France (same ages) from 26 July until middle August. Town and Country School, 38-40 Eton Avenue NW3.

PRINTERS with reputation for fine printing at competitive prices. Club mags, letterheads etc. Mermaid Press, Temple Chambers, Temple Ave, EC4. FLE. 3977.

DE LEON Drama Summer School, Patrons Kenneth Tynan, Peter Brook, E. Martin Browne. 2-13 Aug. at Richmond Institute of Further Education. Write: 254b Kew Road, Richmond.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept, C20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science Ltd, Chronicle House, Fleet St, EC4. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving details and fees for our Courses & Criticisms, and success letters from students.

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MR M. DAVIDSON, FSMC, Ophthalmic Optician, attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, EC1. (Tel. HOL. 8193).

BRIEFER than you dare! Swim trunks 100% nylon made in France. Men 15s. 9d., Boys 12s. 9d. S.a.e. Box 5405 for details.

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PERSONAL—continued

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THE Linguists Club, London's International Centre, Niddry Lodge, Holland St, W8 (WES 0989), & 20 Grosvenor Pl., SW1 (SLO 9595), for conversn & tuition.

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FOREIGN Languages on Records. Vocaphone French or German, 9 LP records & 2 books, Russian (July) 7 LP records & 2 books £8 11s. post-free. Interpret Holiday Courses 3 LP records & 2 books £3 12s. post-free. Interphone 'Lightning' Conversational Courses French, Italian, Spanish or German 2 LP records & 3 booklets 37s. post-free. Free Trial – No Deposit. Details from: BBS Ltd (Dept NS), 10 Bayley St, London, WC1. MUS. 7223.

HOLIDAY Help: Educated foreign girls want 'au pair' posts for 2-4 mths. ACB Ltd, 148 Walton St, SW3. KEN. 1586

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Also many suggestions for holidays in Switzerland, Austria, Germany, Scandinavia, France and the Low Countries, etc.

Free 50 page brochure from Dept C11, 207 Victoria Street, London, SW1 (opp. Victoria Stn). Tel. VIC. 4826.

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If you would like an informal, inexpensive holiday - either in Britain or abroad - you can do no better than join one of our House Parties by the sea or in the mountains. Our House Party centres are in Norfolk, Sussex, Cornwall; in Italy, Austria, Switzerland and Sweden. Costs from 3 gns in Britain, 27½ gns on the Continent

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PROTRAVEL have something for everyone. Write now for your copy of our 1960 booklet 'Better Holidays'. Protravel (NS), 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, W1 (behind Peter Robinson) LAN 3101

STUDENTS (12-17 yrs) accepted as paying guests in French families, Brittany Coast. Groups escorted. Inclusive cost for 3 weeks from 31½ gns. Free holiday to adults organising groups of 15 or more students. Universal Holidays Ltd., 34 Greek Street, London, W1.

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LECTURE CRSES ETC.—contd from p.924

RUSSIAN Conversation Classes held at Morley College in July, Wednesdays and Fridays 6-9 p.m. Enquiries, tel. PARk 5582, 9-11 a.m.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street, LANgham 1005 All foreign languages in day and evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades Daily classes in English and prep for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

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SHORTHAND/Typing Tuition by examiner. Classes 4s. hourly. Miss Robinson, WIL. 0588.

SPANISH Guitar Lessons. Auth. Span meth. Personal & class lessons by Len Williams. Apply free booklet cont. 'History of the Guitar'; Spanish Guitar Centre, 36 Cranbourne St, WC2. COV. 0754.

FOR Yoga classes and correspondence course, please write to the Yoga Centre, 13 Hampstead Hill Gardens, NW3.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

NEWBATTLE ABBEY COLLEGE OF RESIDENTIAL ADULT EDUCATION
DALKEITH, MIDLOTHIAN.
(8 miles from Edinburgh).

SUMMER COURSES
(on which there are still vacancies)
Saturday 9-Saturday 16 July 1960.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY — THE STUDY OF AN AGE
Inclusive fee £6

MUSIC FOR STRING QUARTET PLAYERS
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ASPECTS OF SCOTTISH CULTURE
Inclusive fee £15
Saturday 23-Saturday 30 July 1960.

ASPECTS OF SCOTTISH HISTORY
Inclusive fee £15
(The above two courses are of special interest to the visitor. They include bus tours every day).
Details from Short Courses Secretary, Newbattle Abbey College, Dalkeith, (Telephone 2418).

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group, 9 May to 16 Sept., 1960 Daily expeditions with tuition Large studio Beginners welcomed Book for week, fortnight or longer Prospectus from Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall

SCHOOLS

FOR freedom and self-government, Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland Boys and girls from 3 years. Headmaster: John M Aitkenhead, MA, Ed B

KING Alfred School (F.1898) Prog. Co-Educ. Day School, ages 4 to 18. Recognised by Min. of Educ. 6-acre premises at Manor Wood, North End Road, NW11.

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IN newly decorated house, 2 mins. Golders Green Station, furnished bed sitting room (twin beds). Suit 2 girls or single Gas fire ring (meter). References essential. Ring (not Saturday) SPEedwell 9488.

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SELF-contd flat, bed-sit.-rm, kit., bath. Quiet house. LAD. 3031.

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W14. Attract grd flr divan room. Concld ckg facs, etc. 42s. RIV. 8405.

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COMF. divan bed-sitting room, priv. hse, Southgate, nr Tube. Mod. rent incl. breakfast, electricity etc. PAL. 5876.

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MODERN cottage, rural, panoramic views, nr Wye Valley. Sleep 4/6. Available 20 Aug.-early Sept. Box 5362

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

HARVARD professor and family require furnished house, inner London area, four double bedrooms minimum, 27 June to 7 Sept. Reply Benjamin Rowland, Westway Hotel, WC1.

COUPLE, art teachers, seek unfurn. flat SW London. Will decorate. Box 5274.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED—contd

YNG woman with child (1 yr) reqs flatlet Highgate. V. willing baby-sit (ex-children's nurse) for reas. rent. MOU. 2285.

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WTD by Aug., s/c unfurn flat, 3 rms, k. & b., Primrose Hill, Highgate, Highbury, by 2 retired civil servants. Box 5268.

GREENWICH area. Young couple req self-contd furn flat immed. Box 5439

COVENTRY. Engineer, wife, baby req. furn. flat. Early Aug. Box 5364.

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20 & 24 June at 7.0 Otello (last perfs)
23 June at 7.30 La Traviata

THE ROYAL BALLET

21 June at 7.30 & 25 June at 2.15 — Le Lac des Cygnes
22 June at 7.30 — The Sleeping Beauty
25 June at 7.30 — Scènes de Ballet, La Fille Mal Gardée

End of Ballet Season

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE
TERminus 1672
Coming 20 June for 14 performances only
Evenings 7.30 Mats Sats 2.30
THE FINSBURY STORY
with ERNEST MILTON
Historical Play with Music

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. 8. Thurs., Sat. 5 & 8. 'A Trip to the Castle'. Mems.

IRVING, Leicester Square, WHI. 8657. Glamour and Girls. 4th yr Cont. Revue. From 2.30. Sun. 4. 9th wk 14th Ed. Mems.

ROYAL Court, SLO. 1745. 8.0. Th. 2.30. S. 5, 8.15. 'Chicken Soup with Barley'.

TH. Royal. MAR. 5973. Today 5.0. 8.0. 'Ned Kelly', dir. by Joan Littlewood.

TOWER. 17, 18 June, 7.30. 'The Crucible' by Arthur Miller. 1, 2, 3, 7, 8, 9 July, 7.30, Sun. 7.0. 'Measure for Measure'. CAN. 3475 (9-6) & CAN. 5111 (6-8.30). Canonbury, N1.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. 'The Seagull', Chekhov Centenary production. Fri., Sat., Sun. 7.45. Mems.

VANBRUGH Theatre, Malet Street, WC1. 'Faust' by Goethe. 18, 24, 25 June: 2.30 and 7.30. 20, 21, 22, 23 June 7.30. Admission free.

CONCERTS

MEMORIAL CONCERT FOR DAVID ALLEN
All Souls' Church, Langham Place, 3 p.m. Sunday, 19 June, Handel's 'Samson'.
Covent Garden Orchestra, Chorus, JOAN SUTHERLAND, JOHN LANIGAN. Conductor: JAMES GIBSON. Admission free. Programme 5s.

LONDON Bach Society. Sat. 25 June at 2.30. St Bartholomew-the-Great, EC1. Works by Victoria, Gabrieli, Bach, Milner. Conductor: Paul Steinitz. Admission by programme: 7s. 6d. (res.) 5s. (unres.) from Ibbs & Tillett Ltd, (WEL. 8418). At the church only on the day.

INVITATION Pianoforte Recital by pupils of Dorothy Hesse, Wigmore Hall, Tues. 5 July at 7. (Artists & Artist-Pupils). Tickets may be had at Box Office, Wigmore Hall, and Miss Hesse, 32 Brunswick Gdns, W8. Stamped addressed envelope with all applications by post.

CONCERT of Indian Classical Music by Swami Shree Vallabhdasji, Sangeet Sudhakar, Friday, 24 June, 7.30 p.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Tickets 10s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d. from India Arts Society, 31a John Adam St, WC2 (TRA. 2110) or at the door.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981) Morning shows daily 11 a.m. (Ex. Suns). The Immortal Land (U) & Greek Sculpture (U)

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Films by contemporary American writers. Until 19 June: Fredric March in Arthur Miller's 'Death of a Salesman' (X). From 20 June: Julie Harris in Carson McCullers' 'The Member of the Wedding' (A).

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to the Buddy Kaye Quartette. Today Sat 18 June, 8-11 p.m. Members 3s., Guests 5s. Non-members will not be admitted unless accompanied by a member.

EXHIBITIONS

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18, Old Bond Street, W1. MASTERS OF MODERN ART – Important sale. Exhibition of works by BONNARD, BRAQUE, DUFY, KANDINSKY, KLEE, LEGER, MODIGLIANI, MONET, PICASSO, SUTHERLAND, UTRILLO, VAN GOGH etc., etc. New Sculpture by HENRY MOORE. Illus. catalogue £1. Adm. free Daily 10-5, Sats. 10-12.

EPSTEIN: 50 years of bronzes and drawings at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Sq. 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1. Admission 1s. 6d. in aid of Epstein Studio Trust.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Essays in Movement. Reliefs by Mary Martin, Mobiles by Kenneth Martin. Until 2 July. Daily 10-6. Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s. Members free.

THE Arts of the Sung Dynasty. Exhibition organised by Arts Council and Oriental Ceramic Society. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 23 July. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s. 6d.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Sidney Nolan – Leda and The Swan, and other recent work. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1. Until 16 July. 142 New Bond St, London, W1.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Summer Exhibition 1960. De Stael: Soulages: Ernst: Manessier: Sutherland: Richards: Nicholson: Reynolds: etc. Hours 10-6. Sats. 10-1. Closes 1 Sept.

CHELSEA Open-Air Nursery School, 51 Glebe Place, SW3. Children's Art, Saturday 18 June, 10.30-1, 3-6. Adm 1s.

'PARIS in the Twenties' – Souvenirs of British, French and American writers from Sylvia Beach's Left Bank Bookshop. At the USIS Gallery, 41 Grosvenor Sq, London, W1. 21 June-24 July. Monday-Friday 9-6. Admission free.

TOOTHS: Opening 24 June. Denys Sutton's 'Critic's Selection'. Daily 9.30-6. Sats 9.30-1. 31 Bruton St, W1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George Street, W1. Reg Butler – Sculpture & Drawings. Until 8 July. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1 The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions Mon-Fri., 10-5 Free

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood Exhibitions: 'Francis Hayman, RA (1708-1776)' and 'Gold and Silver Plate from Goldsmiths' Hall' Admission free Weekdays 10-7, Sunday 2-7 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green stations

WADDINGTON Galleries. Recent paintings Ivon Hitchens 10-6, Sats 10-1. 2 Cork St, W1

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Pillet paintings. Till 25 June, 10-6.

RAILLE Gallery, 24 Islington Green, N1. Paintings & Gouaches Colin Garland. 26 May-18 June

THE Chinese Picture Room, 13 New Quebec St, W1 PAD 4643 (behind Marble Arch Corner House) New and old paintings from China, reproductions, &c. Mon., Tu., Thurs., Fri. 10-7. Sat. 10-5.

ST GEORGE'S Gallery Wapping to Windsor, 27 new offsets by staff & students of the RCA Weekdays 10-6, Sats 10-1 7 Cork St, W1. REG. 3660.

NUDES of Jean Straker - Photography 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq, W1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

SICKERT Arts Council exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 19 June. Sat. 10-6; Sun. 2-6. Adm. 2s. 6d.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1. French Paintings & Drawings of the 19th & 20th Centuries. Closing 25 June. (Weekdays 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.)

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St, W1. Porcelain & Stoneware by Lucie Rie. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6. Horace Brodzky, Raymond Hitchcock Until 2 July Daily incl Sat 10-5.30 Thurs 10-1

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. 3 Humanist Sculptors – Ralph Brown, Jack Greaves, Betty Rea.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

DIRECT ACTION SUMMER CAMPAIGN AGAINST NUCLEAR ARMS PRODUCTION

Recruits urgently needed. Please apply to the Direct Action Committee, 344 Seven Sisters Rd, N4. Recruits' Meeting Saturday 25 June at 6 p.m. at 32 Tavistock Sq., WC1.

ALGERIA! THE WAR CONTINUES! 600,000 ALGERIANS KILLED! Public meeting at Central Hall, Westminster, on Friday, 24 June at 7.30 p.m. Speakers: A. Wedgwood Benn, MP, Chairman; John Baird, MP, Claude Bourdet, Sheila Bagnall, Neville Barber, John Horner. Tickets: 2s. at door. Organised by the Movement for Colonial Freedom and the British Committee on Algeria.

'THAT A MARRIAGE SHOULD BE DISSOLVED IF THE COURT FINDS IT AS A FACT THAT THE MARRIAGE HAS BROKEN DOWN'
Public Debate 6.30 p.m. Lamont Room, National Book League, 7 Albemarle Street, W1. Fri. 24 June. Admission Free. Divorce Law Reform Union, 13 Prince of Wales Tce, W8.

ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY
ANNUAL MEETING
Thursday, 23 June 1960, at 2.30 p.m.
Livingstone Hall, Broadway, SW1
THE RIGHT REVEREND AMBROSE REEVES
(Bishop of Johannesburg)
will speak on
'The PASS LAWS and SLAVERY.'
All who are interested are cordially invited.
The Anti-Slavery Society for the Protection of Human Rights, 49, Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, SW1. Telephone VIC. 6065.

LONDON NLR CLUB
Monday 20 June, 7.30 for 8 p.m. Mahatma Gandhi Hall, Fitzroy Sq. (Warren Street Station)
E. P. Thompson, Alastair MacIntyre, Ralph Samuel, Stuart Hall, contributors of 'OUT OF APATHY', discuss the essays in this first of a series of New Left books.
Members 1s. 6d. Non-member 2s. 6d.

LONDON NLR Club, members' meeting Wed. 22 June, 8 p.m. Partisan Basement. Report back Left Club's Conference; discussion draft policy statement.

'WORK in the Present Cycle'. Public lecture, 19 June, 8 p.m. Free literature. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H.Q. 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL 3351.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

CHRISTIAN Action Conference at Newnham College, Cambridge, Fri. 8 July to Sun. 10 July. Spkrs include Bishop of Johannesburg, Canon L. John Collins, Rt Hon. W. Glenvil Hall, MP, Rt Hon. Hilary Marquand, MP. Inclusive cost 75s. 6d. Further particulars from Secretary, Christian Action, 2 Amen Court, EC4.

ICA. Visit to Castrol House, Marylebone Road. Assembly in the Foyer at 6.30 p.m. Tuesday 21 June. ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Literature. Sylvia Plath, Ted Hughes, and Alan Brownjohn will read from their own works. Chairman: Karl Miller. Thursday 23 June, 8.15 p.m. Admission 3s. Members 1s. 6d.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Andrew Roth on 'Religion and Politics in the USA'. Wed. 22 June, 7.30 p.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Vis. 2s. 6d Details of Society from Mem. Sec, 42a Westbere Rd. NW2.

R. VEDANTA Centre, 68 Dukes Ave., N10: Sun 19 June, 5 p.m. Discourse. 26 June, Bhikkhu Chamanlal: 'Influence of India' (films & exhibition). Thurs 23 June, 7.30, Kingsway Hall, Swami Mukhyananda: 'Spiritual Psychology in the Gita'. 30 June, Swami Ghanananda: 'Religion Without Rituals'.

S. PLACE Ethical Soc. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sun 11 a.m. 19 June, W. E. Swinton Ph.D., 'Francis Bacon: Ethics and Science'. Write for free 'Monthly Record'.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun 19 June, 6.30, Music and Readings, 7 p.m. 'The Influence of Religion in Nigeria': C. Ogwuriko.

TWO'S Company—An Evening of Opera Music. New Jewish Society, Wed. 22 June, 83 Chiltern St, W1, at 8 p.m.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 17 June, 8 p.m. Joint Meeting with Shaw Society. Eric J. Batson: 'Bernard Shaw and Russian Scenes'.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Sq, SW1. Public lecture Wed. 22 June, 6.30, 'The Twelve Principles of Buddhism', Mr Terence MacCarthy. Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way' Infor.: TAT 1313.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

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MOOR Park College 5-7 July: Living in Retirement. 22-24 July: Russian Music of the 19th and 20th Centuries (Bernard Stevens). Programmes from the Warden, Moor Park College, Farnham, Surrey. (Tel: 6401).

LONDON County Council. Holborn College of Law, Languages and Commerce, Princeton Street, WC1. Travel Couriers' Training Course. Classes in connection with this course will be held on Wednesday mornings 9 a.m.-1 p.m. during the Autumn term for students who wish to prepare for posts as travel couriers or resident representatives. Full details and forms of application are obtainable from Head of Dept. of Commerce and Law.

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, Richard Hall, provides a full-time general musical education for performers & teachers with individual tuition in voice & instruments in being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing & choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S Devon.

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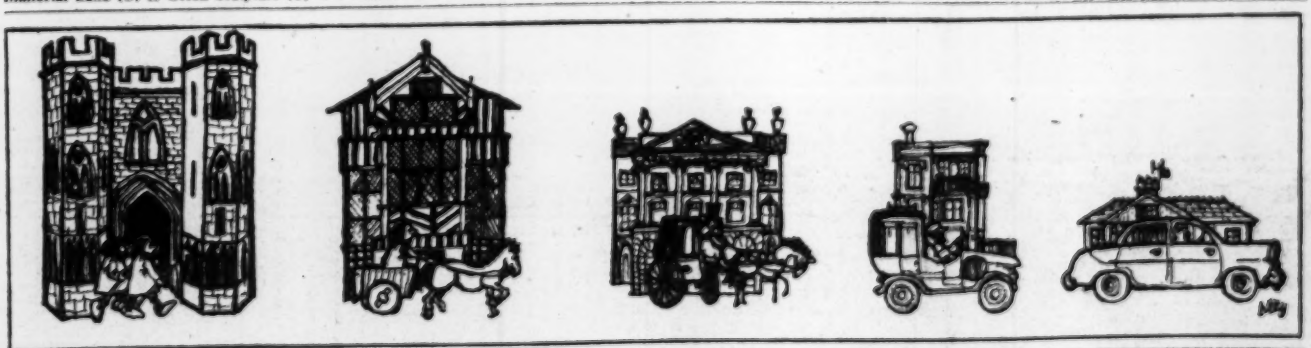
LECTURE CRSES, ETC.—contd on p.923



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